

37
American

MUSKOGEE PUBLIC LIBRARY
MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA

JANUARY 1954

MERCURY

America Is Losing the War Against Communism!

By J. B. MATTHEWS

Remembered Christmas
Forbidden Sin Fascinates Youth
Letter From Prague
Why Are We Losing Our Teachers?
I Profited From War
The Unteachable Three

Plus many other outstanding articles

35 CENTS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MERCURY Reprints



THE AMERICAN MERCURY SELLS MORE REPRINTS THAN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

Reds and Our Churches

By J. B. MATTHEWS

The Truth About Joe McCarthy

By HAROLD LORD VARNEY

The Case Against Adlai Stevenson

By JAMES BURNHAM

It Cost You \$775 Thousand Million Dollars

By PAUL L. MARTIN

Freedom's Case Against Dean Acheson

By FELIX WITTMER

Communism and the Colleges*

By J. B. MATTHEWS

Communists and the New Deal

By JOHN T. FLYNN

Communists and the New Deal

By J. B. MATTHEWS

The Alger Hiss Story

By RALPH de TOLEDANO

Single-copy price of each reprint is 15 cents. Prices on quantity orders are as follows:

100 to 500 copies	10 cents each
500 to 5,000 copies	7½ cents each
5,000 to 10,000 copies	5 cents each

* This 36-page booklet is 25 cents.
Quantity-lot prices on application.

Who's Running the Ford Foundation?

By ALICE WIDENER

More Billions for Britain

By PATRICK McMAHON

The Truth About the United Nations

By CHESLY MANLY

Our Vanishing Military Profession

By COMMANDER D. J. CARRISON, USN

Red Infiltration of Theological Seminaries

By J. B. MATTHEWS

A Boycott Long Overdue

By J. ANTHONY MARCUS

Twenty-four Steps to Communism

By JOHN T. FLYNN

Is Labor Committing Suicide?

By VICTOR RIESEL

Washington's Biggest Lobby

By PATRICK McMAHON

Mr. Dulles and "Hands Across the Sea"

By JOHN T. FLYNN

Shall the United Nations Make Our Laws?

By SENATOR JOHN W. BRICKER

THE AMERICAN MERCURY •

11 EAST 36TH STREET
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

American

MERCURY

JANUARY 1954

America Is <i>Losing</i> the War Against Communism	J. B. Matthews	3
Seeds and Mankind	W. Nightingale Brown	11
Koreans Prefer Books: Get Bullets	Leland Lovelace	14
In the Mercury's Opinion	Russell Maguire	19
Charleston: The Place and the People	Anthony Harrigan	20
Camels Over Yuma	K. Allen Stewart	24
The Atom Goes to Sea	Patrick McMahon	27
The Last of the Stuyvesants	Helen Worden Erskine	33
America's First Woman Traitor	Harry T. Brundidge	37
Do You Know That —	Nora de Toledano	42
Remembered Christmas	June Wilcoxon Brown	43
Why Are We Losing Our Schoolteachers?	Frank DuBois	47
Horse-and-Buggy Warranty	Jack Bannick	52
American Foreign Policy vs. The Unteachable Three	Francis B. Rockwell	55
Demons of the Dusk — But Man's Best Friends	Vance Hoyt	60
A Venture in Verse	Ralph M. Besse	64
I Profited from War	Josh M. Drake, Jr.	67
Forbidden Sin Fascinates Youth	Lydia Coleman	71
Letter from Prague	George L. Atwood	75
President Cleveland Scoops the Press	Francelia Butler	79
Women — Man Your Stations!	Jessica Wyatt Payne	83
Year of the Goat Fanciers	Harry Thompson	87
Caxton of the Rockies	Felix Wittmer	91
Cautious Irish Eyes	Frank Driscoll	94
Germany Is Still There	George Fielding Eliot	95
The Gillie Gillie Man	Lloyd G. Frost	101
What the Greek People Really Think of the U.S.A.	King Paul of Greece	105
Karl Marx vs. History	Erwin C. Lessner	108
He Stole the English Crown	Edmund Cooper	110
Sound on Disc		115
America's Oldest Town	Carleton Beals	117
The Amateur Yachtsman	Dudley C. Lunt	121
Rid Us of Reds!	Chet Schwarzkopf	123
Panmunjom	Oliver Patrick	128
Who Brought Sugar for the Gas Tanks?	Jo Hindman	129
Once I Was a Lady	Jane Carroll	132
Can We Arrest a President?	Blanche McKeown	136
Souvenir of the <i>St. Laurent</i>	Patricia G. Lauber	137
Christmas Eve in Ireland	J. M. Collins	141

THIRTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

48297

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

11 EAST 36th STREET • NEW YORK



RUSSELL MAGUIRE
Chairman of the Board

JOHN A. CLEMENTS
Editor

JOSEPH B. BREED
Managing Editor

PATRICK McMAHON
Washington Editor

Contributing Editors

C. D. BATCHELOR
HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.
JOSEPH F. DRURY, JR.
GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

RUTH A. INGLIS
IRENE CORBALLY KUHN
J. B. MATTHEWS
HOWARD RUSHMORE
HAROLD LORD VARNEY

ROBERT HODGSON
Business Manager

ALMA E. DREWES
Subscription Manager

LOIS HANSEN
ADRIENNE SUDDARD
Editorial Assistants



Published monthly by the American Mercury Magazine, Inc. at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions; \$4.50 in Canada; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright 1954 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Protection secured under the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission. The American Mercury is not responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

AMERICA IS *Losing* THE WAR AGAINST COMMUNISM

By J. B. Matthews

THERE'S good news for the anti-Communist: America is rapidly losing the war against Communism on both the domestic and the international fronts. Fresh evidence spelling new discouragements arrives almost daily.

The profoundly disturbing fact of American defeat is not due to the skill and superiority of the Communists. It is attributable rather to the work of American and UN anti-Communist.

There's nothing automatic or inevitable about American victory. That particular Pollyanna notion may have been widely cherished by American school children up until three and a half years ago; but then

came Korea. And now every citizen of the United States whose intelligence is above the level of a moron will concede that, for the first time in our history, we have not only suffered a humiliating and disastrous defeat; but we have suffered it at the hands of a third-rate enemy.

It is not necessary that we be military experts in order to assess the gravity of our military defeat in Korea. Both General MacArthur and General Van Fleet, whose integrity Americans do not challenge, have asserted that victory in Korea was well within our grasp. That victory was not lost for lack of brave and skilled men who make up our armed forces. It was not lost for lack

of productive capacity to supply the equipment and munitions of war. Victory was simply and deliberately rejected by politicians in Washington, politicians who will never be called to account for the national and global catastrophe of which they were the architects. The "good old Joe (Stalin)" remark of a candidate for the Presidency of the United States was not held against him by the electorate (a naïve and apathetic, even if majority, lot); and he, the candidate, was returned triumphantly to the White House. Remember? Not all of these builders of our national disaster, from Teheran to Yalta to Potsdam to Korea, were blundering civilians; some of them were from the military, who were politicians none the less, including ironically the current winner of the Nobel peace prize.

The returns from Korea are still coming in. As they pile up, the measure of our humiliation becomes clearer. Even at the very moment that certain Washington politicians were rejecting a decisive victory in Korea, captive American soldiers were being subjected to tortures unknown except in the ancient dark ages of mankind.

THE Army has announced that at least 6,113 American servicemen were murdered, tortured, starved, or subjected to other forms of bestial treatment at the hands of their captors. What are we going to do about it? Our UN representatives

are going to move audaciously to place it on the agenda as a subject for discussion by the United Nations! Our capacity for righteous rage, such as that which seized us in our youth when the *Maine* was sunk in Havana harbor, has departed, and with it the capacity for victory over the Chinese perpetrators of these foul crimes.

What military defeat does to the morale of a nation's fighting forces has been known for many centuries. It is not reasonable to expect a different result from the cowardly and calculated acceptance of defeat by the politicians of a nation. Psychologists have already begun to study the effects of the planned-in-Washington Korean debacle upon the morale of American combat troops. Certainly that morale was not heightened by our capitulation to the anti-anti-Communists in Washington and in the United Nations.

When the United States was taken into the United Nations, we accepted, under the grand but criminal illusion of a "new world order," drastic limitations upon our national sovereignty. If these limitations upon our independence of action jeopardize our national survival, as is already apparent, one course of action and only one is imperative: throw off these shackles upon our sovereignty and make *national survival* the keystone in the arch of our international diplomacy. This is not a purely selfish conception, for the simple reason that American sur-

vival as a sovereign power is the sole hope of freedom in the world for generations to come. And yet, there is no diplomacy in prospect, in either major political party of the United States, which holds any promise that such a course of sanity will be followed. The leaders of both Republican and Democratic parties prate and prate incessantly of our irrevocable commitment to the United Nations.

American armed forces are scattered throughout many parts of the world, on the theory that they will support "holding operations" in the event of World War III. It is far more certain that these far-flung dispositions of our troops will be caught in "suicide traps" whenever the rulers of the Kremlin elect to strike. The entire free world, so called, outside the United States is already seriously infected with the virus of neutralism. With the ultimately inevitable outbreak of World War III, neutralism will become the dominant political force in that vast zone of a billion human beings which lies between the armed aggressive might of the Soviet Union on the one hand and the armed defensive might of the United States on the other. Not a single government in all "free" Europe has either the will or the ability to fight effectively on our side, commitments to the contrary notwithstanding. Declarations of neutrality will be the first order of the day in that final emergency.

Despite all these considerations

and despite the national indignity we have suffered at the hands of Communist China, there are many prominent Americans in opinion-making positions who advocate our "recognition" of Mao's Red regime and its admission, with our consent, into membership in the United Nations. In all history, there has been no more perfidious betrayal than that of our State Department's sell-out of China to her Red conquerors. These leaders of American "thought" would compound that crime of the Acheson-Lattimore-Service-Davies gang by handing the initiative to the Soviet bloc in the United Nations.

As a striking example of the fact that America is losing the war against Communist aggression on the domestic front, let us take the case of the Rev. Dr. John A. Mackay. Last May, Dr. Mackay was elevated to the spiritual and moral leadership of two and a half million communicants when he was chosen as Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. His unique contribution to American "thought," as reported in the *New York Times* of May 30, 1953, was that "anti-Communism is just as dangerous as Communism and sometimes even more so."

The General Assembly of Dr. Mackay's denomination, meeting in Minneapolis in May, 1953, failed to rebuke his extraordinary pronouncement on the menace of anti-Com-

munism. On the contrary, the delegates warmly applauded his sentiment. Nor was he rebuked by any statement from the White House.

Some months later, however, Dr. Mackay was answered by a brother cleric. Preaching in the Marble Collegiate Church in New York City on September 13, 1953, the Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Poling declared in a pointed reference to Mackay's position: "In Korea, Communism has executed more than 600 of his brother clergymen. Entire populations in Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania have been exiled, enslaved, or executed in pogroms surpassing Hitler's frenzy. Would this leader among us [Dr. John A. Mackay] have us believe that anti-Communism is as dangerous and may be even more dangerous than that?"

It must be said for clarity's sake that Dr. Poling's is a voice crying in the wilderness.

On the other hand, Dr. Mackay's position accurately reflects the anti-anti-Communist views of the large majority of the leaders of the major Protestant denominations in the United States. These religious leaders claim to represent some thirty-five million communicants. This is, of course, a gross exaggeration, as fantastic as the claims of labor union bureaucrats. Nevertheless, Dr. Mackay and his fellow clergymen in the National Council of Churches do represent a large segment of the population of the United States.

It is pertinent at this point to

observe that Dr. Mackay has been affiliated in one way or another with at least ten operations of the Communist-front apparatus.

On November 2, 1953, Dr. Mackay addressed a letter to his two and a half million Presbyterian communicants. A more pitifully ignorant document could hardly have been contrived. It bespeaks one fact above all others; namely, that we have lost the war against Communism on the home front. Where there is no understanding of the nature or extent of the Communist menace, the people perish.

ALTHOUGH the overwhelming majority of Americans, as well as the overwhelming majority of clergymen, are unequivocally anti-Communist, there is still too little or no understanding of the intricacies of the Communist conspiracy. Undoubtedly, thousands of the Protestant clergymen who have been drawn into the activities of the Communist network over the past years have had no inkling of the seriousness of the Communist menace. They have guilelessly signed Communist petitions and sponsored Communist frauds, without any consciousness of aiding and abetting the enemy of their country. On the other hand, it must be remembered that a dupe may be as useful to the Communists as a conscious agent; and, in specific instances, more so.

By clever design, the Communist apparatus or network is a compli-

cated and flexible structure. Its complexity and flexibility are calculated to make *detection* by government agencies more difficult and *understanding* by the public all but impossible.

In September, 1931, *The Communist International* (an official organ of the Communist movement published in New York) dealt with this question in terms of the utmost clarity in an article entitled, "Organizational Problems in Underground Revolutionary Work." "Thus," wrote the author of the article, one B. Vassiliev, "*the increasing artfulness of the police apparatus of the bourgeois governments in the struggle against the Communist movement makes it essential for the latter to have a more complicated, flexible and accurately functioning organization.* [Italics in original.] This organization will inevitably have to rely on a strong conspirative apparatus . . ."

With every passing year, the Communist movement in the United States has become more subtle, more refined, more complicated, more flexible, and more highly conspirative, both in its methods and in its structure. The primary aim of all this refinement of Communist organization has been to cope successfully, if possible, with the "increasing artfulness" of the FBI, the law enforcement agencies, the courts, and Congressional investigating committees. The secondary aim has been to confuse and confound the public

mind, an aim in which the Communist movement has been extraordinarily successful.

The Communist International went on to stress the importance of what we now call the Communist-front apparatus, which is simply one part of the whole "conspirative apparatus." Said the article: "In view of the attempts of the ruling classes to drive the Communist Parties underground, the work of the Parties in various legal mass organizations is of tremendous importance, especially in the trade unions and also in organizations such as sport clubs, Free-thinkers' Leagues, Tenant Leagues, International Labour Defence, etc. By its strong fractions in these organizations, acting on the directives of the illegal or semi-legal Party leaders, the Party will preserve (and increase) the possibility of carrying on mass ideological and organizational work." Translated into the language of 1953, this means that the Communist movement in the United States considers its array of front organizations to be of "tremendous importance" in its conspirative "mass ideological and organizational work," including such front organizations as the Civil Rights Congress, the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born, the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, the National Committee to Win Amnesty for the Smith Act Victims, and the National Committee to Secure Justice for the Rosenbergs.

THE Communist International went a step further and asserted: "*It is one of the most important and permanent organizational tasks for the Party to set up fractions in the mass organizations which are under the leadership of Social Fascist and openly reactionary leaders.*" [Italics in original.] This is the technique of Communist infiltration; and infiltration, it should be remembered, is quite as important as espionage in certain stages of the Communist program. The Communists do not consider any mass organization of American society — civic, political, religious, or any other — outside the bounds of their infiltration techniques.

Whatever else may be said of the leaders of the Communist conspiracy, they are not fools. They have known far better than the average American citizen or politician that a clergyman is an ideal national chairman for one of their deceitful front organizations. What better foil than a minister of the Gospel with which to entrap the gullible? What better device for gaining immunity from criticism or investigation than to put a clergyman at the head of the most important units of the Communist-front apparatus? What better strategy for damaging American prestige abroad than to make it appear that the highest moral conscience in the United States, namely, that of clergymen, is set against our country's policies?

The strategic importance of the

Communist-front apparatus is either minimized or not understood at all by the general public. This lack of understanding is highly advantageous to the Communists who planned it that way. They try to make all their conspiratorial operations so complicated that they escape both detection and understanding. If the Communist-front apparatus were of negligible importance, the Communists would not have spent so much time and energy in building it.

The uses of the vast number of organizations that make up the Communist-front apparatus are many. Among them we find the following:

★ ★ They extend the long arm of Party-line propaganda far beyond the reach of the Communist Party itself.

★ ★ They give the Party indirect but useful contact with millions, instead of the thousands which the Party is able to reach directly.

★ ★ They conceal Party objectives under idealistic-sounding slogans, such as peace, democracy, civil liberties, amnesty, clemency, and friendship: perfect word-traps for liberal suckers.

★ ★ They make up the outer fringe of the Communist conspiracy, bringing some a step nearer to the hard core of the Party's ultimate design.

★ ★ They raise millions of dollars annually, the larger part of a front

organization's "take" often going into the Party's coffers.

★ ★ They provide jobs for hundreds of Party members and give them valuable training in organizational work and leadership.

★ ★ They serve as points of initial contact for many who are ultimately recruited, as case histories show, into the Communist espionage apparatus.

A COMMUNIST-FRONT organization, with its refined techniques of fraud and deception, with its innocent-appearing sponsorships, its mass rallies, its fake relief drives, its petition signing, and its anti-American and pro-Soviet propaganda, is something to stay as far away from as one would a dose of cyanide or a black-widow spider. It is an integral part of the whole treacherous conspiracy.

It is singularly inappropriate, to put it conservatively, for a clergyman to be associated with any fraud as sinister and evil as a Communist-front organization. Nevertheless, thousands of ministers of the Gospel have participated in one way or another in the operations of these frauds.

Herbert Philbrick, who served his country for nine years as an FBI undercover agent in the Communist Party, has written the following startling account of his knowledge of the Communist penetration of the ranks of Protestant clergymen:

"But, to me, the most shocking

fact was that there was also a special subversive cell of hardened, disciplined, trained agents of Stalin, men who were ministers of the Gospel!

"Members of major denominations, they were assigned countless special tasks for the Communist conspiracy. Among the tasks were these: helping to spread Soviet-inspired dissension and confusion; subtly injecting distrust in our government, our leaders and our way of life; spreading distrust and hatred of 'capitalists,' businessmen, employers, company heads, stock owners; popularizing a sly contempt for the police, the courts, the FBI and other government law-enforcement agencies; attacking all anti-Communist individuals, laws, measures and investigative groups; defending Communist Party members and fellow travelers; lending their weight to the indoctrinating of youth in seminars; participating in Soviet espionage and transmitting intelligence information for the Soviet Government; providing stature and integrity to Communist and pro-Communists by church sponsorship; and, by clever and subtle operation, victimizing many hundreds of non-Communist ministers and laymen into seeming support of the Soviet dictatorship and enmity against their own United States Government.

"I am not guessing about this. I saw those ministers in action — ruthless Communist leaders, prostituting the Christian ministry to the

evil ends of atheism and oppression. They knew exactly what they were doing."

INSTEAD of coming to grips with the shocking facts revealed by Herbert Philbrick, the leaders of *all* the major Protestant denominations have chosen to join the "smear bund" in a determined effort to discredit the testimony of all the ex-Communists who have tried, at great personal risk, to acquaint the American public with the facts of the Communist conspiracy. In taking this anti-anti-Communist position, these religious leaders have defied the well-known view of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover that ex-Communists have contributed the most useful information concerning the nature of the Communist conspiracy and the identity of the individuals connected with it.

Wholly apart from the propaganda defeats we are suffering at home and abroad at the hands of the Communists and the anti-anti-Communists, there is the sobering fact that we are rapidly depleting the economic resources of our country by the necessity of maintaining a military force commensurate with

the threat to our national survival. This is the way the Communist imperialist aggressors planned it. Any American who aids and abets the Communist conspiracy in any way, however slight, contributes toward the national bankruptcy which is one of the major objectives of the Kremlin.

If this picture of our situation is one of unrelieved gloom, it is because there is nothing to inspire confidence in an early victory for the forces of freedom.

For those who take a religious or long-run view of life and the universe, there is the satisfaction that truth and righteousness will triumph ultimately. In our immediate experience, they find tokens of the truth that freedom is man's most precious possession. A Russian school teacher, prisoner in the Soviet consulate in New York, jumps from the fourth floor to an almost certain death; but she jumped to *freedom*. A young Polish jet pilot flew his plane, against almost insuperable odds, to escape the prison of Communism; but he flew to *freedom*.

Verily, men will walk through hell to freedom. That is our faith. That is our ultimate hope.



» God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.

Daniel Webster: *Speech in the Senate*, June 3, 1834

SEEDS AND MANKIND

By W. Nightingale Brown

SEEDS are the oldest things in the world. Everything that grows comes from a seed, even man himself, when you come to think of it.

Men interested in the land — farmers, fruit growers, and horticulturists — have nursed and tended seeds; and some of a more scientific mentality, such as biologists and botanists, have studied their very nature and potentials.

Preserved seeds — and most of them are preserved — constitute a world of interest, especially in providing evidence about the past.

It may be only emphasizing the obvious to assert that in the very heart of a seed the invisible plant lies in a state of arrested development, only to spring forth and grow at the touch of suitable conditions for germination. But when these proper conditions are absent, the seeds ultimately fall and become buried by the remains of plants, such as leaves, twigs, and other seeds. The result is that they gradually preserve themselves in this way and may even reach the final stage of fossilization. Thus they will rank as indicators of former climatic con-



ditions, and may show certain affinities with contemporary plant life. For it is on record that seeds which were partly preserved in pyrites (sulphide of metal) contained in the clay of the London basin of the Tertiary Period (3rd geological period) revealed a great deal of their structure intact when they were examined. It was, therefore, agreed that the London flora of this age was almost wholly that of a tropical rain-forest similar to what we see today in the Indo-Malayan flora.

Points like these are interesting and fundamental to the study of seed history.

Preserved seeds afford ample evidence of early man's activities. In Paleolithic (Older Stone Age) societies we presume that man even then became "grouped" — everybody in the family circle went out and collected nuts, wild fruits, and roots. But only by trial and error did they learn what kinds of seed and fruit were safe to eat. On the other hand they gained their chief guidance, perhaps, from carefully watching what the wild animals ate. During the recent World War this method was



actually advised by the United States War Department for the troops in the Pacific zone — that, should they lose themselves, they were to observe what wild fruits and seeds the monkeys ate and then feed on these same products of nature. Birds were to be ignored, since some of the seeds they eat are harmful to man.

WHO WERE the first farmers? It is, of course, difficult to say; but it is agreed by the best authorities that Paleolithic man made the first attempt. This was a crude activity, to be sure, without science or the experience of history. The women folk (the men were usually hunting) had learned to collect the seeds of grasses that were *ancestral* to wheat and barley — plants to be connected closely with future civilization and which helped, in the agrarian sense, to lay its foundations. The moment early man seriously sowed these seeds in suitable soil, he undoubtedly took the most important and vital step in his history, since it was to have far-reaching social effects. When this was done, man became less nomadic and more settled.

It has been discovered that small Neolithic (Later Stone Age) communities made straw-lined pits which contained grains of wheat and barley. These grains were a long way removed from wild grass seeds. The Stone Age (or, better still, Stone Ages) was of long, indefinite dura-

tion, and the evolution of the grass seed to those of wheat and barley might have taken ten thousand years to accomplish; but we do not really know how long.

Archaeological activities on the sites of the old Swiss lake dwellings have been of great value because of the discovery of preserved seeds. These seeds prove that these pile-work dwellers swallowed not only flesh, but wild fruits and corn as well, the last-named meaning seeds of *cereal* grasses — wheat, two species of barley, and millet. But millet and wheat were, it seems, used only for the making of bread, and that, of course, was unleavened. Stones of wild plum and bird cherry also have been discovered, to say nothing of the seeds of vine, blackberry and raspberry — very ancient plants. In the mud, husks of hazelnuts and beechnuts occur in fairly large quantities. There is also evidence to show that beans (species unknown) were first eaten by these people who lived in the Bronze Age (between the Stone and the Iron Age).

It is interesting to learn that the people of Mooseedorf and Rohenhäusen in Neolithic times made ample use of the water chestnut as food. These prehistoric seeds and fruits were comparatively small as compared with the present-day varieties.

WHEN Neolithic man came to Britain from the South he introduced corn and flax seeds. How

the latter were discovered and developed is not clear. He soon found, however, that the many kinds of weed seeds — then unclassified — contaminated his grain, because, of course, of his ignorance of cleaning methods during harvesting. Proper cleaning of seeds has long proved a vital necessity — yet cornfields still grow weeds despite the utmost care in the cleaning process. It is, however, interesting to know that what we call fumitory, spurrey, corn marigold, fools' parsley, and knapweed can be traced as seeds on Neolithic sites and must have been introduced by Neolithic man. All the aforementioned weed seeds found their lodging in the oldest cornfields!

It was only natural that Egypt should have attracted the attention of the flora experts. And so archaeology came into the picture once more. The stomachs of mummies were duly examined and they were found to contain husks of barley and millet. Seeds during the earlier dynasties were used also as ornaments, since it was seen that Tutankhamen was buried with a string of mandrake seeds around his neck. This rite was the expression of the belief that this plant was magical; it was part of the nature worship which personified natural objects. This form of Animism, with some diversion, is still in vogue in semicivilized parts of the world.

Concerning the age of seeds and their vitality, the old story of *live*

seeds having been found in the Egyptian tombs and in the granaries of Herculaneum, to say nothing of peas from the Pyramids, is a popular fallacy. These seeds were tested scientifically, but not one of them germinated. The experiments made in this connection prove conclusively that the record for seed-longevity is only 240 years at the most. Other ages of live seeds are given as 87, 135, and 147 years. The oldest (240 years) refers to the lotus (*nelumbium*) seeds.

THE USES to which seeds are put outside their usual cultivation, are of perennial interest and have domestic, social, and political implications. Time was when food was well-nigh tasteless, and the discovery of flavorings and spices in certain seeds has proved a boon to mankind. Then, too, seeds are well known to the pharmaceutical profession, especially in relation to drugs.

Although we have obviously traveled a long way in seed culture since the dark days of primitive man, and although seed production and preservation have increased almost everywhere in recent years, more must be done — and quickly — in order to meet the food demands of the ever-increasing world's population. Mankind is truly beset with many problems, but the greatest of them all is, perhaps, the extension of the world's agriculture in order to sustain *homo sapiens*.

Koreans Prefer Books : *Get Bullets*

BY LELAND LOVELACE

IF THOSE who think Korea is unenlightened and primitive will consult the Korean national encyclopedia, *Moon Hun Ki Po*, they will find out something vastly different. When our own land was occupied only by aborigines and wild animals, Korea had universities, libraries, a very extensive literature, arts and sciences, including a highly developed military science.

The oldest book in the world is a Korean book, now in the library of the British Museum. Those interested in the graphic arts may be surprised to learn that the Koreans invented movable type, and were printing with it, centuries before Europe ever thought of such a thing.

Koreans have a deep-seated reverence for learning, and an insatiable appetite for literature. They look upon the written word almost as sacred. It is repugnant to them to see any printed or written material used for any common or unclean purpose. In recent years, what the Japanese and the American GI's

have done to Korean sensibilities in this respect will scarcely bear telling.

Simultaneous with the golden age of literature in China, creative writing in Korea reached a very high peak, and this level was maintained from 57 B.C. to 935 A.D. In the early history of Korea, Chinese characters were used for writing, but in the fifteenth century a native alphabet, called *en-mun*, based on Sanskrit, was invented, and since that time Korean authors have used it to write in their own language.

The history of Korea as a national entity goes back to 2333 B.C., when the nation was founded by Dan Koon. For more than 1,000 years, Korean culture remained Korean. In 1122 B.C. a Chinese savant, Ki Ja, came to Korea as a teacher, bringing Chinese culture with him. Many students flocked to him for instruction. His teaching made a lasting impact upon the Korean youth, and traces of his influence are still discernible.

Naturally, the Koreans' first books

were of history, and their *Ancient Record*, in ten volumes, compiled in the thirteenth century, begins with the origin of the kingdom and relates the earliest native legends and traditions, written in Chinese. But earlier, in the sixth century, Li Moon Chin, graduate of a university and doctor of letters, had compiled a Korean history of one hundred and five volumes. In the same period, Korea produced a great poet, Eul Chi Moon Duk, who was also a distinguished general, a fact indicating that the art of literature developed parallel with the art of war.

At this time, Kyungju, a city in southern Korea, was to that nation what Athens was to Greece. Hindu, Chinese, and Japanese students came there in considerable numbers to take courses in liberal arts, history, ethics, essays and poetry. In this city, in 858 A.D., a great poet and essayist, Choi Chi Won, was born. Many books of his essays and forty-six volumes of his verse are extant.

For the next 1,000 years Korea produced many historians, poets, novelists, and essayists of notable ability; also, many writers of science, agriculture, astronomy, geography, medicine, law, mathematics, and military science. In the eighteenth century many popular novels were written, displaying the intensely nationalist spirit of the authors, for most of the fictional characters are portrayed in a strictly Korean setting, rarely deviating from Korean folkways and tradi-

tions as, similarly, Charles Dickens later did for England.

The Christian Bible has long been favored literature in Korea. Missionaries, following Loyola in Japan, visited the peninsula. At first, they were persecuted and massacred. Convinced the Koreans were worth saving, the missionaries persisted, and Christianity is now regarded as the national religion.

WHILE Koreans are by nature gentle and placid, they can, when their homeland is threatened, be ferocious fighters, as they have often proved.

In 1894 China revived an old claim to Korea and invaded the peninsula. Japan, unwilling to see China take the rich Korean resources, drove the Chinese out. Then Japan grabbed Korea. Russia, looking on, attempted to snatch Korea from Japan. Thereupon, Japan politely asked Russia to let go. Russia refused; whereupon, Japan attacked Russia. In one of the bloodiest wars in history, Nippon beat Russia down. That a single member of the Korean race is alive today is a major miracle.

Having always been a literate people, the inhabitants of the "Hermit Kingdom" early learned of the way of life in the young United States. They looked with admiration and envy at the freedom and independence of America. They hoped, both openly and secretly, for help from the stronger, younger nation to

achieve these two goals at home. But Korean experience with American Presidents has been consistently unfortunate.

When Theodore Roosevelt settled the Russo-Japanese war, the Koreans expected him to stipulate that the Japanese withdraw from Korea. He ignored their plea. After Japan annexed Korea in 1910, Roosevelt wrote what a wonderfully fine job Japan was doing in remodeling Korea to the Nipponese pattern in language, literature, religion and folkways!

Again, in 1919, the Koreans made another try at cutting loose from Japan. Still trusting in the good faith of the United States, with whom they had a treaty then thirty years old, which guaranteed the independence of Korea, they sought to have their case presented at the Peace Conference in Paris by President Wilson. But again a United States President failed them.

The late Thomas Millard, official adviser to the Chinese government, founder and editor of an English language newspaper in Shanghai, was approached by a Christian Korean engaged in YMCA work among Koreans in Shanghai. It was known that Millard was about to sail for the United States, en route to the Paris Peace Conference. The Korean, unable to get a passport for himself, handed to Millard a typewritten memorial to be given to President Wilson, appealing for the presentation of the Korean case for national

independence before the conference.

It was not the intention of the Koreans to depend upon President Wilson alone. They had raised about \$100,000 to pay the expenses of a delegation to Paris, and some Koreans were to go from America. However, no Korean in Asia could get a passport to leave; and in March, 1919, the U. S. State Department refused visas to Koreans on the basis that they were Japanese subjects and that Japan objected. So the plans of mice and men once more went awry and President Wilson tossed the Korean supplication to the birds.

BRIEF excerpts from the memorial will disclose the character of the Korean aspirations to be such as could derive only from — and apply only to — a highly literate people, even though long deprived of schools by their oppressors. It was divided under three heads, and the order in which these heads were placed is of touching significance: (1) Spiritual; (2) Political; (3) Economic.

“(1) Knowing that a nation depends upon the spirit of its citizens, the Japanese are trying in every way to stop our spiritual development. Christianity in Korea has been recognized as the national religion, from which we have learned the meaning of democracy and the value of liberty. . . . The number of Christians has grown steadily and so fast that there are now more than half a million. . . . Thus Christian-

ity is playing the most important role in our spiritual development.

“(2) It is safe to say that Korea is governed by police and soldiers. We have neither rights nor liberty, but the duty of paying taxes. There is neither parliament nor municipality; so the wrongs done by the brutal Japanese policy are nowhere to be appealed and redressed. . . .

“(3) Cooperation is the fundamental principle of economics, but the Japanese do not allow the Koreans to cooperate in developing their country. . . . The Koreans, in this way, are compelled to make their living only by cultivating the land. But so many Japanese emigrants are coming over every year that very soon all the land will be occupied by them. . . . Understanding that they cannot Japanize the Koreans, the Japanese are trying to destroy Korea. . . . What, then, is left for Koreans to do? They are lost in a maze. Yet they are not despondent, and, indeed, nothing can discourage them. They are struggling with all their hearts, minds, and bodies, for independence, justice, and peace. For this we are crying to the conscience of the world, especially to the Americans. . . .

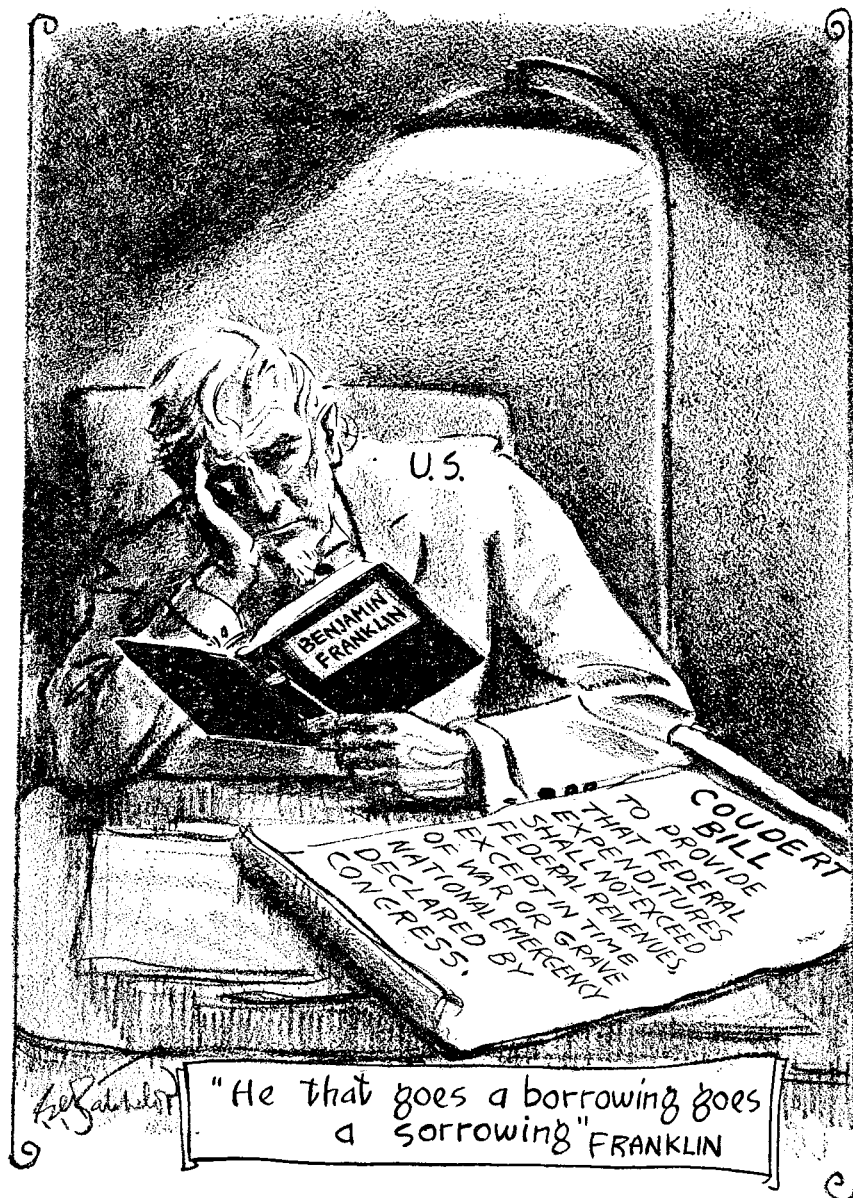
“In conclusion we declare we are not conquered, but merely cheated. . . . Korea must be redeemed. Democracy must exist in Asia. Now, you Americans once guaranteed, in the first treaty between Korea and the United States of America some thirty

years ago, the independence of Korea. Therefore we appeal to you to help us secure this same independence.”

TERSELY, the memorial shows that they were reduced by the Japanese to only pastoral pursuits, their schools and press put under rigid control; that they were deprived of their chosen religion, brainwashed, and confined behind an iron curtain of language, forbidden all English, lest they learn news of the world. They were deprived of their parliament and municipal government, all personal rights and liberty, and governed by an alien “Gestapo.” Under the Japanese they existed only to pay taxes.

Then as the years rolled on and greater political cataclysms swept the earth, they were divided and parceled out between Russia and the United States, in the plan devised by Harry Hopkins for “giving Stalin everything and asking nothing,” as was done with Poland, Germany, Austria, and Berlin. Next they became the scene of Truman’s “police action.” And now Eisenhower, in his turn, will develop a Korean policy.

What Eisenhower will do is on the knees of the gods, or, if well-defined, is still folded within the minds of his advisers. But the Koreans will not be slaves: as long as one of their race survives, a Korean Daniel Webster will keep up the struggle for union and liberty.



In the MERCURY'S Opinion

By RUSSELL MAGUIRE, *Chairman of the Board*

GOD has been good to the people of these United States. Our forefathers carved out of the wilderness a great country and set up a way of life that is envied throughout the world.

We are the trustees and custodians of that great heritage.

Today, alien doctrines are threatening our most precious treasures — the Constitution and its Bill of Rights.

Our forebears never intended the Fifth Amendment to be a shield for treason. Nevertheless, that is the way it is being used today by the Communist traitors in our midst. This must be stopped, if not by judicial interpretation, then by amendment, and Americans would do well to so inform their Congressional representatives.

The United Nations, conceived in post-war confusion and presided over at its birth by Alger Hiss, has become the kind of organization indicated by these origins. It is a swamp and a death trap for America, and its tragic handling of almost every question before it, including the Korean War where victory was denied us, should be more than enough warning to any of us.

The proposed Constitutional amendment by Senator John Bricker should be adopted. This would at least insure us that no United Nations

treaty can override the rights of the citizens of our own country.

When we in the United States minded our business, we were strong, we were solvent, we had no daily crises, and we were respected throughout the world. Taxes were modest and debts were few. Let us go back to minding our business!

Since we became a nation, our love of country has been a part of our national heritage and a cornerstone of our national policy. Our enemies seek to undermine this holy faith in our native land. They seek to waste our resources and scatter our strength to the four winds.

We have troops in over forty countries throughout the world.

Have we any guarantee that these men are not hostages to be annihilated in the first fierce rush of enemy attack?

The Congress, with the support of an aroused and informed people, should consider well before sending vast sums of our money to the nations of the world. Let us see what we are getting for this money. Has it secured for us the benefits we were promised or has it made enemies for us?

Yes, it is time We, the People, took a hand in the affairs of the nation we love. Let us start asking questions. Let us start demanding and getting answers.

C H A R L E S T O N :

The Place and the People

BY ANTHONY HARRIGAN

THE ENTRANCED traveler, approaching Charleston for the first time or the hundredth time, sees and feels its magic — the slate roofs and fabulous spires glittering in the sunlit air. From the mile-long double-cantilever bridge across the Cooper River (named after the Lord Proprietor, the first Earl of Shaftesbury) he will see the old city, its porticoes and piazzas, the rash of new suburbs, and the many live oaks and magnolias, and the contrasting sheets of blue water and green salt marsh. To one who makes this journey along the Atlantic seaboard to this old city in the Carolina low country, this magnificent eighteenth-century town, long, long ago the capital of the Rice Coast, there is the discovery that it is built on a tiny tongue of land shaped by the confluence of two broad rivers, the Ashley and the Cooper,

which, according to the charmingly arrogant local legend, come together to form the Atlantic Ocean.

Charleston is a unique city. A long-lived-in city, steeped in history, it is a segment of the American past. John Rutledge, whose brick mansion stands to this day on Broad Street, was dictator here during the Revolution. Calhoun, the cast-iron man, lies in his proud tomb in the quiet graveyard of St. Philip's Church. Birthplace of founders of the republic and fire-eating secessionists, rakes and planting prelates, it is a changing and unchanging city. What is so endlessly fascinating about Charleston (at least for moderns) — apart from the timeless beauty of its walled gardens, antique mansions, narrow streets, and ornamental ironwork — is the persistence of the aristocratic spirit, of aristocratism.



The inner world of Charleston of interest to Americans in the northern and western states — the world associated with the names Pinckney, Barnwell, Manigault, Ravenel, Cheves, Heyward — is, nevertheless, not a social Tibet, an antique civilization surviving behind high brick walls and masses of wisteria. The traveler may imagine that the people who dwell behind the hand-carved cypress doors of the mansions on Legare Street or the worshippers in the box pews at St. Michael's Church are a race apart. The few or the many who imagine this are in error. Aristocratism persists in the patterns of life in Charleston rather than in the persons of Charlestonians. The pallbearers at the funeral of a member of an old Charleston family are kinsmen, not hired morticians' men. There is a social cohesion which enables the real estate dealer and the writer and the judge to sit down in a drawing room and spend an evening discussing Brahman cattle or deer hunting.

When the word *family* is mentioned, it signifies everyone with whom one has blood ties. It is not the lonesome little group consisting of parents and one or more children. It is a complex of the living and the dead and the unborn. It is in these things that the aristocratism is evident. It would, of course, be too much to ask of Charleston that every member of the city's old families be a dashing and elegant

aristocrat possessed of a lofty rectitude and traditional culture. The marvel is that there are any such individuals at all. Indeed, the old city continues to breed individuals — men and women of powerful talents, naturalists, writers, and educators. Certainly any city is distinctive which has a native son on the order of the late DuBose Heyward, scion of rice planters in the low country, who in his literary triumph *Porgy* redeemed the Negro from caricature. It is Heyward's tragic and ennobling vision of the Gullah Negro which is the story of America's one great opera.



THE HAPPIEST circumstance of Charleston's existence is the fact that the old is wedded, or fused, with the new, and that into the life of this southern city at mid-century has been carried a goodly part of the ancient values: the sense of ceremony, the consciousness of duty to lineage, a profound filial regard for the past, and a reluctance to give way to the American drive to destruction of continuity euphemistically termed progress.

Having stopped in Charleston, the traveler will desire to understand Broad Street, the street which represents something of a social dividing line and which is the heart of business in Charleston and the low country. How little Broad Street changes from generation to generation! The three blocks from

Meeting Street to East Bay Street constitute a veritable avenue of lawyers — more than a hundred of them maintain offices in the two- and three-story buildings with slate or copper roofs and the brick walls covered with cement. At the western end of the financial district is the white spire of St. Michael's, within whose walls the bells sound the hours and ring antique changes on Sunday mornings. Opposite the church, on the north side of Broad Street, is the pale grey city hall designed by Charleston's own Gabriel Manigault during the Jefferson administration. At the east end of the street is the old Exchange building, dating from Colonial times, in the dungeons of which American patriots once languished during the Revolution. To the eye of the traveler unfamiliar with the patterns of life in Charleston, the state of business on Broad Street seems at low ebb. The businessmen apparently have ample time to converse, idle in doorways, meander along the flagstone sidewalk and drink coffee in drugstores. Actually, the idleness is deceptive; the conviviality and the casual talk are the framework of business life, and deals are made in what appears to be but is not a haphazard fashion. Broad Street is, in South Carolina, a synonym for banking, and a cuss word it was once, in post-Reconstruction days, when only Charleston had money to lend and the extracting of it from a Charles-

ton banker was like pulling a tooth.

In writing of Charleston one needs beware of falling into sentimentality or the kind of privileged carping reserved for a well-loved but infuriating kinsman or kinswoman. No city in America has had more nonsense written about it. Men as diverse in talent and outlook as Henry James and John Gunther have been downright silly in discussing the place and the people. Always, certainly, exists the temptation to treat it as an exotic flower among American cities, a forgotten city of hacked columns and broken fanlights and ghosts of martial heroes. The fact is that it is very much alive and prosperous; the days of "too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash" have departed.

WITH the new-found prosperity, stemming in the main from the navy yard and the military installations, have come striking changes in the human types in the Charleston area and even more profound changes in their economic condition. Nowadays the daughter of the old-time flower woman who strolled the streets with a "gyaden en 'e head" may be the wife of a naval shipyard worker. She may drive a fire-engine-red automobile to the supermarket, where she will buy steak and frozen vegetables and have the purchases she has made carried out to the automobile in the hands of a white boy. The changes



have taken some of the so-called "color" out of the city, though in the summer one does, still, wake to the cry of the shrimp man as he wheels his cart along the street.

The rural Negro, whose Gullah speech is a version of English the outlander never masters and scarcely understands, has participated in the economic revival in the low country. If and when the bubble of spending breaks, it is this rural Negro with his hogs, one or two head of cattle and bit of land, who will weather the storm. He will not go under the tide of depression with the suddenness which will be the fate of the thousands of whites who have moved into the suburbs since the beginning of World War II. The two groups provide a curious contrast. The former, at home on the land or long settled in the city, is part and parcel of Charleston's history, and in a way the newcomers never can be. The latter, unlike their dark-skinned brethren, never participated in the building of the beautiful old mansions. Certainly, the Negroes manifest no contempt for the beauty that is Charleston — indeed they have feeling for it.

The life in the trailer camps, tourist cabins, and the attendant commercial activity of the drive-ins, beer joints, and two-bit nightspots — they surround the old city like a vile skin disease — is part of the industrial nomadism that has no special relation to Charleston's significance as a city. They will no

doubt drift away, these people, when defense activities switch to another area.

Because Charleston is what sociologists would term a traditionally various and pluralistic society, many markedly individual modes of life are juxtaposed. The families descended from the English and Scotch and French Huguenot planters, the old Jewish families, the Greeks, live, socially, to themselves. They are true communities within the city, each with its own life.

In the midst of the upheaval and chaos of modern life in America, Charleston is possessed of an unusual degree of stability. It is in Charleston, where politeness and loveliness and consciousness of the worth of the ancestral past exists, that a traveler will come to understand the secret of the good life on this continent.

Thus, nowhere in this land is there anything quite like Charleston. One does not soon forget a stroll along the High Battery and the sight of the blue expanse of harbor. In the quiet gardens of the city one can put out of mind the anxiety pervading so much of our national existence. Built by a race whose members valued learning, architecture, distinction, and generosity, Charleston has survived fire, bombardment, hurricane, tornado, fever, and earthquake. The city will persist; it will survive. In the meantime, in our day, Charleston has much to impart to the traveler.



CAMELS OVER YUMA

By K. Allen Stewart

IF THE Apache Indians hadn't developed a taste for "camel cutlets" some years ago, we might today find the desert lands of the great Southwest abounding in camels. It was nearly one hundred years ago when the first contingent of Levantine humpbacks feasted their docile eyes on the "Promised Land." Of course, besides making excellent camel-burgers for the Apaches, there are other reasons why we do not espy desert-dried dromedaries as we speed through the painted hinterlands of Arizona, et al. We could blame certain hardshelled mule skinners who refused to learn to cuss in the Syrian language!

Whatever the many reasons for the abandonment of the Camel Corps, the resulting failure was to throw out of work such men as "Greek George," the camel herder (later naturalized as George Allen). Had things worked out differently, "Greek George" Allen might have passed on to his heirs the management of a multi-million-dollar "Lightning Dromedary Express" between Los Angeles and Fort Defiance, New Mexico.

Of course this "express line" was formed a long time ago. Back in the good old days, as it were. The gold rush of 1849 and the Golden State's admission to the Union in 1850 gave rise to great wailing and gumbeating by citizens of the Pacific Coast for more efficient transportation between the Missouri River and the western slope of the Sierras. Consequently, several surveys were conducted by our Federal Government for suitable railroad routes. It was as a result of these efforts that one Lieutenant Edward F. Beale, U. S. Army, was commissioned to chart the best southern route between New Mexico and the Pacific Coast. Furthermore, he was appointed "official camel tester" and saddled with the responsibility of diagnosing dromedary aptitude for the trek over as yet camel-uncharted terrain. This was strictly a stopgap measure to satisfy Westerners until such time as railways could be constructed. Certain ambitious men had agitated for "camel consideration" since 1848, but it was only through the efforts of Secretary of War Jefferson Davis

that an appropriation of \$30,000 was wrung from a reluctant Congress's grasping hand to inaugurate the unprecedented experiment. Mere mention of a Camel Service threw the House of Representatives into hysterical laughter, and it was not until 1855 that the fourth attempt to seek funds was rewarded. No doubt they feared historians would later label them a "lame camel Congress."

IN ORDER for this exotic dream to be carried out, it was necessary to dispatch Major Henry C. Wayne, U. S. Army, to the Mediterranean for the purpose of finding and recruiting unsuspecting camels for the United States Army. News of his errand spread over the entire globe, and every slope-backed animal in the Near East was groomed for sale to the wary but inexperienced buyer "at a great sacrifice." Several episodes with crafty "hoss traders" threatened to permanently warp the gallant officer's sense of humor, but the Bey of Tunisia finally presented two camels to the worthy cause. However, these two brutes proved to be so mangy and disease-ridden that they had to be given permanent liberty on the shores of Constantinople. Proceeding with the patience of Job, Major Wayne at last filled his ship, the *Supply*, in Smyrna, Turkey. With the vessel loaded with ungainly and ill-tempered camels, the ship's captain set sail for Indianola, Texas.

Surviving the rigors of ocean travel, thirty-three seasick but somewhat pesky charges tumbled from the *Supply* onto Texas soil in May of 1856. Fanfare was deafening from the assembled multitude who gathered to witness the unfamiliar sight. The entire affair was colored by acrimonious profanity aimed by hardened Army teamsters at the suddenly regenerated ruminants. Doubtlessly heaving a sigh of relief, members of the ship's crew hurriedly battened down the hatches and prepared for another trip to the Levant for more of the same breed.

Immediately after disembarking, the ungainly — and often unmannerly — brutes were put to work hauling grain and other supplies between San Antonio and Camp Verde. They proved their worth by carrying loads of one-half to three-quarters of a ton a distance of forty to fifty miles a day. Needless to say, the promoters of the venture were elated — especially when the second shipload of forty-four camels landed at Indianola in February, 1857, and the entire number were put to work on various construction projects.

The possibility of rocket-like communication between El Paso, Texas, and Fort Tejon, California, was greatly enhanced by the successful showing of these transplanted desert "anti-mules." Spectacular visions of express passenger service of fifteen days between the Missouri River and the California Coast were seen

by newspapermen. The perils of shipwreck and high Sierra snow vanished in the vapor of the double-decked camel caravan.

So it resulted that Lieutenant Beale led his camel brigade across the burning wastelands and paraded past the future location of Hollywood and Vine, shrouded in the magnificence of Oriental splendor during January of 1858. Guided by men such as the future American citizen, "Greek George" Allen, the camels displayed their true abilities to ogling, thunderstruck Westerners!

As a result of this trip and other accomplishments, Lieutenant Beale, Jefferson Davis and Major Wayne were convinced that this was the answer to the immediate transportation problem. Mr. Davis was so elated with the prospects of using camels in warfare against roving bands of Indians that he urged Congress to authorize importation of a thousand more!

THINGS could have gotten out of hand about this time. Several private citizens imported these desert "beasts of burden" and used them on plantations to replace horses and mules. With all their attributes, however, the poor camels didn't have a chance. The public just naturally was "agin 'em!" These queer-looking brutes aroused the ire of many citizens — especially teamsters, cowboys, and Army mules! Newspapers in New Orleans, Galveston, Savannah, and New York

carried stories of camel atrocities. Public indignation was aroused. Things just naturally were at fever pitch! In 1858, the City Council of Galveston passed an ordinance forbidding anyone to ride or drive or walk alongside a camel within the city limits under penalty of \$50.00 fine per animal! In other words, just keep the derved misshapen critters out of town!

Regardless of public indignation, camel caravans *were* used quite extensively by the Army along the main highway between Texas and California. By 1860, regular camel stations were set up at the various Army posts along the route.

But interest died out in the Civil War years. Jefferson Davis became head of the Confederacy; Major Wayne accepted a commission of Georgia troops; and the United States Congress became engrossed with "more serious matters than camels." Never again were Americans to watch laden dromedaries pass over New World sands, hurried on by the gentle voices of their old masters and caustic mutterings of frustrated Army muleteers.

So it was that the first — and last — experiment with camels in the United States faded away into the musty annals of history. Set free on the rolling sands of the great Southwest, the wandering herds disappeared into the billowy desolation that was to be their last home. For a time, camel steaks graced the banquet tables of Apache chiefs!

THE GREATEST maritime revolution since ships converted from sail to steam apparently will be touched off this January 21st, when Mrs. Eisenhower is scheduled to smash a bottle of vintage champagne against the blunt prow of the U.S.S. *Nautilus*, as the world's first

The Atom GOES TO SEA

By Patrick McMahon

atomic-powered submarine slides down the ways into the Thames River just off New London, Connecticut.

The probable and terrible significance of the brief launching ceremony for the submarine *Nautilus* is that it will render every modern war craft, from submarines and destroyers on up to battleships and carriers, technically obsolete. That goes for our own multi-billion-dollar battle fleet, as well as the one that the Russians are now building.

This is the studied opinion of Ad-

miral Robert B. Carney, Chief of Naval Operations and the Navy's representative on the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Concurring, in essence, is that conservative, respected British publication, for more than a century the recognized "bible" on all things naval, Jane's *Fighting Ships*.

In a recent public statement, Admiral Carney announced that the nuclear power plant that has been designed and built for the *Nautilus* has rendered the navies of the world obsolete. He has publicly recommended that the United States com-

mence, at once, converting its entire battle fleet from oil to nuclear power (which the *Jane's* publication predicts and terms the most important development since the conversion from sail to steam). And Carney has bluntly said that the first nation that converts its navy to nuclear power will rule the seas.

It is almost trite to point out that our military successes in two world wars were dependent on our control of the seas — and it will be so in the future. The most enthusiastic advocates of air power admit that in event of a full-scale war with the Soviet Union, eventual victory will not be possible unless we maintain that control. Even the limited success we achieved in Korea was dependent on our complete domination of the Pacific and the waters surrounding the Korean peninsula.

In so far as the surface fleets are concerned, Admiral Carney's statements are based on many factors, mostly relating to fuel consumption and speed, that are too intricate to be dealt with in detail in this article.

BUT the *Nautilus* in itself is a new development in naval warfare that has breathtaking potentialities.

The new submarine, its radical new steam turbines, and the nuclear furnace that supplies the power are all still to be proven in actual operation. But preliminary tests of the turbines and the power plant (there is not much new about the submarine itself) under simulated opera-

tional conditions have far exceeded the designers' fondest estimates.

The exact figures, of course, are wrapped in the tightest security. But this much can be said, based on official statements:

It is believed that the *Nautilus* will be able to achieve speeds in excess of twenty-five knots per hour when completely submerged.

It will be able to maintain those speeds indefinitely: that is, for days, weeks, and possibly months, without interruption, or without the necessity to surface.

It can maneuver at those speeds, and for those indefinite periods, at depths exceeding 300 feet.

All of this does not mean too much to the layman. But to the admiralities of the maritime nations, to the naval experts in Moscow as well as those in Washington and London, it means just this:

If the submarine *Nautilus* lives up to its advance tests, even the fastest and most powerful naval task force is now vulnerable to critical destruction from a nuclear-powered submarine wolf pack that can be built and maintained at a fraction of the cost of a single modern battleship or aircraft carrier.

A single *Nautilus*-type submarine can smash into a merchant convoy, regardless of its protective escort, scatter the ships like so many sheep before the wolves, and pick them off one by one at its leisure.

And every major city in the world today that is within 400 or 500 miles

of the seacoast is vulnerable to atomic or thermo-nuclear (H-bomb) attack from enemy atomic-powered submarines, which can penetrate almost at will any existing coastal defenses to get within striking distance.

Most important, until more effective counter-measures are perfected, submarines of the *Nautilus* type could accomplish these missions with a relatively high degree of safety for both boats and crews.

IN ORDER to appreciate the potentialities of the *Nautilus*, it is necessary to know something of the capabilities and the limitations of the conventional submarine.

The World War II submarines — both our own and the Germans' — had diesel engines and electric motors for propulsion. The diesels could drive the boat fifteen to eighteen knots an hour *on the surface*. But diesels, and all internal combustion engines, consume oxygen from the air and give out poisonous carbon monoxide. They cannot be operated for more than a few seconds after the submarine is sealed for submerging. Then the submarine shifts to the electric motors, which are powered by huge storage batteries.

But the most efficient electric motors that have been developed cannot achieve speeds of much more than twelve knots under water. More important, the maximum range of a submarine while traveling

on the motors is only about 80 to 100 miles, depending upon its speed. Then its batteries become exhausted and it must surface to recharge.

It was this limited sub-surface speed and range that enabled the Allied navies to develop tactics that virtually destroyed the German submarine fleet in late 1942 and early 1943, and permitted our convoys to cross the Atlantic with minimum casualties. A submarine traveling on the surface is easily detected by radar, either in aircraft or surface ships. Once the boat is completely submerged, radar is completely ineffective, but submarines *can* be picked up and exactly located by the sonar gear of surface ships. But even the most modern sonar works most efficiently only in vessels traveling at low speed. The minute the ship pursuing a submarine gets under way, the efficiency of its sonar decreases in proportion to its speed. The most modern sonar gear yet perfected is completely useless in vessels traveling at twenty knots and over (and the speed of the atom-powered sub is estimated to be well over twenty knots).

The tactics we developed against the German submarines during the last war were roughly these:

As soon as the enemy submarine, whether alone or in wolf pack, was detected, either by the listening apparatus or by the discharge of the first torpedo, teams of planes (land-based or from carriers and escort ships) went into action. Destroyers



and other escort vessels would first slow virtually to a standstill to get an exact fix on the submarine, then steam full speed ahead and pepper the area with depth charges. Knowing the submerged range of the submarines, the counter-attacking surface ships could block off the entire area. Sooner or later the submarine, if not already destroyed by depth charges, would be forced to surface when its batteries became exhausted.

Towards the end of the war the Germans perfected a Dutch device known as the "snorkle." This is a long tube that permits the submarine to travel on its diesels at depths of forty or fifty feet below the surface. Air for the engines is sucked in, and the exhaust gases expelled through the tube, which projects only a few feet above the surface. Unless the submarine's general location is known, it is difficult to pick up on the radar screen. It can travel indefinitely on the snorkle at fairly high speeds (more than fifteen knots) without too much risk of detection. But once its presence becomes known, the radar men both in planes and ships can concentrate on the general area tipped off by the torpedo streaks, and get an exact fix on the submarine.

Navy authorities insist that it is foolhardy for a submarine to use the snorkle either while attacking or while under attack. It must completely submerge, switch to batteries, and is then subject to all of the limitations that endangered the

early World War II submarines.

Based on the preliminary tests, the nuclear-powered submarine is subject to none of these limitations. It cannot be detected by radar. Its exact position can be fixed by sonar only on ships that are traveling substantially slower than its own speed. And in order to score an effective blow on the submarine, the attacking plane or surface ship must either make a direct hit with its depth charge, or explode one within a few feet from it. This last means that the charge must be calculated to detonate at almost exactly the same depth as the submarine.

BUT the *Nautilus* cannot only veer from right to left when under attack; it can drop from 50 feet to 300 or more feet in a matter of seconds, and then rise just as quickly to 100. To explode a depth charge within effective range of any submarine requires split-second timing, or just sheer luck. And until more effective devices are developed, split-second timing is just about ruled out as far as an undersea craft with the speed and range of the *Nautilus* is concerned. Only sheer luck remains to defend naval task force, merchant convoy, or coastal city from attack.

The *Nautilus* will be powered by a nuclear furnace, fueled by a combination of uranium 235 and 238, which is fissionable, disintegrates slowly, giving forth radioactivity and intense heat, but which is not

explosive. The reactor is heavily shielded from the rest of the boat to protect the crew from radioactivity. Condensed water under heavy pressure is passed through coils into the reactor, where it becomes superheated. It then passes through coils into the boiler where the heat is transferred to other water, transforming it into steam, which churns the specially designed turbines. It is the first steam plant ever to be placed in a modern submarine. And at no point in the process is precious oxygen consumed, or are poisonous fumes expelled.

The Navy's second nuclear-powered submarine, the *U.S.S. Sea Wolf*, already under construction at an adjoining way, is similar in principle but differs substantially in detail. Instead of using distilled water to transmit the heat from the nuclear furnace to the boiler, it uses pure sodium. And changes in design have been included, partly because of the sodium medium, and partly on the basis of knowledge acquired in building the power plant of the *Nautilus*. The hulls, however, are identical. The new submarine also has a small diesel engine and an electric motor, for emergency use in the event that anything happens to the atomic power plant.

PROBABLY the grimmest aspect of this fantastic new development is the potential vulnerability of the coastal city. Our own Navy already has guided missiles that can be

launched from a submarine and strike with reasonable accuracy at targets 400 to 500 miles away. While it has never been officially stated, it is believed these missiles can carry atomic or thermo-nuclear warheads. And as recently as 1950, the Russians were known to be ahead of us in developing guided missiles.

Naval experts say we have no knowledge as to whether the Russians have yet started research on a nuclear-powered submarine. It is assumed they have. Reports indicate they are only two to five years behind us in atomic and thermo-nuclear developments.

The United States is already under terrific diplomatic pressure from the British and other Allied powers to make the designs of the *Nautilus* available to them. Partly because of what we consider the lax security measures of our European friends, many United States officials are adamantly resisting this pressure. One security expert bitterly forecast that "if we give these designs to the British or French, the Russians will have them in a matter of months."

But regardless of what we may do about sharing our atomic secrets with our allies, sooner or later the Russians are almost certain to come up with a counterpart of the *U.S.S. Nautilus*.

Perhaps that is one of the principle reasons why the Navy's top officer, Admiral "Mick" Carney, has pronounced the surface fleets of the world technically obsolete.

The Last of the STUYVESANTS



By HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

IT WAS a summer Sunday on the lower East Side. The chimes of the old Stuyvesant family church, St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, mingled with the blare of tenement radios. Second Avenue was taking the heat in its stride, its people seeking coolness in the shadow of drab buildings or on the tree-shaded branches which fringed the church at Second Avenue and Tenth Street. Half-naked children, screaming with exultant laughter, darted through spouting water hydrants while their

elders played pinochle in an effort to forget the heat.

Not a head turned when a handsome Rolls-Royce town car driven by a chauffeur in plum-colored livery deposited a tall, white-haired old man at the church gate. They didn't know that he was one of New York's most legendary characters — A. Van Horne Stuyvesant, millionaire recluse.

With blue eyes fixed on the burying ground to the right of the church, he passed beneath the portico to the walk which wound past the vaults. When he came to the

From *Out of This World*, by Helen Worden Erskine, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1953, New York.

283-year-old Stuyvesant vault he took off his neat black felt hat and bowed his head.

The last of the Stuyvesants was paying respect to his ancestors. Attired in a sober black suit livened by a faint gray hairline stripe, he wore a high white collar, bow tie and black Oxfords. His white mustache had a fine sweep. Here in the true sense was "a gentleman of the old school." The church of his ancestors, St. Mark's, though out of my neighborhood, is the one I usually attend. Seeing Mr. Stuyvesant standing near his family vault on this particular Sunday, I joined him. Was he, as I'd been told, the last of the Stuyvesants in direct descent?

"I'm the ninth generation," he said. "The direct descent dies with me. Mine will be the last interment in this vault. After that it will be sealed forever. How many are buried in our vault? Nobody knows. Some say eighty-three. Actually there are no figures. The records have been lost. The vault has been enlarged once to my knowledge. A good many of us must be down there."

The first interment was that of outspoken old Governor Peter Stuyvesant and his famous silver-trimmed wooden leg. It was he, in 1660, who caused the vault to be placed beneath his family chapel. That chapel was willed by his widow to the Dutch Reformed Church. Sometime before 1799 it burned down.

Van Horne Stuyvesant smiled

slightly. "We became Episcopalians when Trinity offered to build us a new church after the fire and keep the family vault intact."

It extends half the length of the church below ground and can be entered only by raising a stone in the walk upon which we stood.

His two sisters, Annie and Katie, were laid to rest in it — Katie in 1924 and Annie in 1938. His eyes rested affectionately on the inscription cut in the slab of stone fitted in the church wall:

In this vault lies buried
Petrus Stuyvesant
Late Captain General and Governor
in Chief of Amsterdam
In Nieuw Netherland now called
New York
and the Dutch West Indies.
Died A.D. 1673
Age 80 years.

HOLDING one hand behind him in a quaint old-fashioned gesture, Mr. Stuyvesant turned his back on the grave of his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather and strolled with me toward the portico. Every fifth Sunday this gentle retiring descendant of fiery Peter Stuyvesant visits the family church. Ever since he fled a stormy vestry session in 1933, the members of St. Mark's have been hoping he would return permanently to their church. He retreated when the Rev. Dr. William Norman Guthrie, their rector, disallowed Mr. Stuyvesant's vote because, he claimed, Van Horne's

allegiance was to Trinity and not to St. Mark's.

Incredibly shy, he avoided looking directly at me. His eyes were fixed on the ancient trees which shaded the graveyard. "You would never think you were in New York, would you? This might be a churchyard in a small country village. Pretty, isn't it?" He paused. "How do I feel about a changing New York? I never think about it. New York has always been my home. I take it as it is. I've only lived in three sections of the city in my whole life. I was born at Twentieth Street and Fifth Avenue. I grew up in a house at Twenty-first Street and Fifth Avenue. We moved from there to 3 East Fifty-seventh Street.

After Father died, my sisters and I bought the present home at 2 East Seventy-ninth Street. I've never lived in the neighborhood of St. Mark's, although my father was born down here on Second Avenue." He indicated the general direction. "The shell of his home is still standing. I hate to look at it today. It's a moving picture theater.

"I sit in the back," he whispered as he led me into the church. From where we sat I could see the old Stuyvesant family pew. The largest in St. Mark's, halfway down on the right-hand side, it was square and still contained the quaint mahogany table designed to hold Bibles, hymnals and prayer books, as old as the church. In the wall to the right of the pew was set a marble tablet to

the memory of Gerard Stuyvesant, Van Horne's grandfather, who died in 1847. Charles Haswell, in his *Recollections of an Octogenarian*, described Grandfather Stuyvesant as "a man closely concerned with the best social life of New York, the representative of an enduring Knickerbocker family and the possessor of a great Colonial estate."

AFTER the service, Mr. Stuyvesant and I walked up the side aisle to the main portico. He hesitated, obviously uncertain just what to do about me. His timidity where women were concerned was well known. I thanked him for answering my questions and held out my hand to say good-by. His handshake was as fragile as his appearance. Then he said, "I think I shall take another stroll about the churchyard before I leave."

Abruptly, as shy people do, he disappeared around the corner of the church. A few minutes later I saw him stepping precisely between the vaults where his ancestors' friends slept. He strolled slowly, and his right hand was again held behind his back in the old-fashioned gesture early American statesmen used when they were posing for their silhouettes or portraits.

When the other members of the congregation were well out of the way he would walk down the main steps to his waiting car, thence to be driven to the house at No. 2 East Seventy-ninth Street, for which

he had paid Harry Sinclair, the oil operator, \$450,000. The late Isaac D. Fletcher, millionaire art collector, spent over a million dollars to build this huge five-story mansion, copied from a French chateau and said to be the largest private house on Fifth Avenue. Its lavish furnishings are generally shrouded in white slips. Footsteps on bare floors echo through the silent high-ceilinged rooms. An impressive stairway winds up from the marble hall to the second floor. Here Mr. Stuyvesant spends most of his time.

His aloofness puzzles friends. As a young man, they say, he belonged to eight clubs, including the exclusive Union, Tuxedo and the New York Yacht Club. Now he belongs only to the Church.

He used to spend his summers in Newport or Lenox or Southampton. Now he remains in New York City through the hottest weather.

HIS SISTERS, Annie and Katie, were far easier to know than Mr. Stuyvesant, according to these friends. Katie, or Catherine, liked society. Annie's passion was auctions. She specialized in gilt furniture, flower pictures and pearls. Up to the day of her death she wore a \$35,000 strand of exquisitely matched pearls. These three, Katie, Annie and Van Horne, were children of Augustus V. H. Stuyvesant, Senior. None of them married. Each sister in turn left her share of the

father's four million dollar fortune to Van Horne. Supplemented by other Stuyvesant inheritances, the fortune is said to have increased many times in the past twenty-five years.

Much of the real estate came to the family from the Dutch Government by royal grant. Mr. Stuyvesant still holds old Peter Stuyvesant's great farm which stretched from Third Avenue to the East River and was worked by fifty Negro slaves. Today this land is covered by East Side tenements swarming with a polyglot and cosmopolitan population.

"I keep the land out of sentiment," he once remarked. "It doesn't pay. Taxes are too high. I'd like to see our money go to build a hospital for the poor who live on what was the Stuyvesant farm."

A clause to that effect was in his sisters' wills. Mr. Stuyvesant implied it was also in his. Annie and Katie requested the residue of their property, after the death of their brother, be given to St. Luke's Hospital to establish the A. Van Horne Stuyvesant Memorial Hospital for the poor living on the former Stuyvesant farmland.

His butler once sent me a note that throws some light on the retreat from this world of the last of the Stuyvesants.

"All Mr. Stuyvesant does," wrote the butler, "is sit in front of a picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt and cuss."

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

America's First Woman Traitor



THERE'S a tiny gardener in the Federal Reformatory for Women in the old village of Alderson, West Virginia. Fellow prisoners know her best for two things: her green thumb with flowers and vegetables, and for always standing at rigid attention when the national anthem is played.

Her name is Iva Toguri d'Aquino and she's doing a ten-year stretch. The name today means little or nothing, but in the last war her voice and her recorded music were known to hundreds of thousands of service men throughout the Pacific.

She would play sweet, nostalgic records — and then feed them sour propaganda designed to undermine their morale. She would laughingly tell them that while her music was sweet, it was not half so good as the music to which their wives and sweethearts were dancing with the big 4F's and war workers back home, while *they* were giving their sweat, blood, and lives at sea, on the beaches and in the jungles. For Iva Toguri d'Aquino, the tiny gardener of Alderson, is "Tokyo Rose" — *the first American woman ever to be con-*

victed of treason. Here, for the first time in any publication, is the inside story of "Rose." The writer played a role in the entire drama. The only other man who knew and shared it with me was Clark Lee, of International News Service.

Our part in the drama began on Okinawa in August, 1945. Lee and I sat on the stone wall guarding the entrance to an ancient burial tomb. We were bathed in the yellow light of a tropical moon.

The war was over — almost. Japan was to be occupied. This was "Occupation Day Minus One." I looked at Lee, and he looked at me. We'd been buddies together around the world for a long, long time. Back in 1939-40, as fellow war correspondents, we had followed the fortunes of the Japanese Army throughout North, Central and South China.

I said to Lee, "Want to make a deal?"

"Sure," he answered. "What kind of a deal?"

"Well," I went on, "we've lived in Japan. We know something about the people. We know that when

Hirohito told 'em to quit, they quit. I feel certain that most of the armed forces, and all of the civilian population, have folded, and that it would be perfectly safe for us to dash to Tokyo the minute we land in Japan. The hottest story in Japan today is: Who is Tokyo Rose? Let's find out and get her. Our old Japanese friends will help us."

"Okay," said Lee, "it's a deal."

LEE and I, and eleven other correspondents, were awaiting the "big call" from Colonel "Tex" McCreary, who was flying us to Atsugi, Japan. A sergeant aroused us. We checked our .45's and other gear and were jeeped to the air strip. The atmosphere was tense. General Robert Eichelberger, the hero of Buna, told us he hoped there wouldn't be a fight when we reached Japan. There was of course the possibility we were being led into a trap for slaughter. Maybe the Kamikaze pilots would crash their planes into our formations. Men of Eleventh Airborne were climbing into the bowels of giant C-54's. Lee and I climbed into McCreary's B-17.

Now at dawn we saluted majestic Mount Fuji and thirty minutes later were on the ground at Atsugi. We had only a few troops on the ground — and there were eighteen divisions of fully armed Japanese troops in the Atsugi-Yokohama-Tokyo area. The C-54's kept coming in, unloading troops, and taking off for another load. As each cargo was

discharged the newcomers joined their fellow troopers in spreading out to form a perimeter of defense. Our fears were quickly dispelled. There were plenty of Kamikazes on hand — but propellers had been removed. And there was a reception committee of grinning, hissing, bowing Japanese with iced beer and sandwiches and Buddha alone knows where they got the meat. There was a hot breakfast in the Kamikaze barracks and a motor pool with scores of ancient, prewar cars, with civilian drivers wearing hastily inscribed arm bands.

We looked over the banged-up cars in the motor pool.

"What are we waiting for?" asked Lee.

We picked a 1935 Plymouth because it had a lovely green paint job and a Japanese businessman driver who grinned when we told him we wanted to sneak to Tokyo. Our officer insignia got us past the M.P.'s at the airport gate, just as the Eleventh Airborne was pulling out for Yokohama. The forty-mile dash to Tokyo was underway.

WE REGISTERED at the Imperial Hotel (to the amazement of all our old Japanese friends there) and went to work. We found Leslie Yamashita, newspaperman and old friend, and told him we wanted to find Tokyo Rose. Now, "Rose" had never used that pseudonym in her broadcasts. The name had been pinned on her by our G.I.'s and

later was adopted by her fellow workers in sending her memos at Radio Tokyo. But Yamashita knew all about her — and promised to produce her.

There was a knock on the door of our suite in the Imperial on that hot, humid morning of September 1, 1945. Our Number One Boy ushered in Yamashita, escorting a young woman in slacks, a blouse, and pig-tails tied with a red ribbon; and a solemn-faced young Portuguese-Japanese half-caste. Yamashita, with the Japanese flair for drama, said: "This is Iva Ikuko Toguri — your 'Tokyo Rose' — and this is her husband, Philip d'Aquino." (The girl who had sold out her country married the half-caste in an effort to change her nationality and avoid a treason charge.) "We shall have tea," Yamashita continued, "and then I shall withdraw."

We had tea.

"Are you really 'Tokyo Rose'?" I asked as we sipped.

"The one and only," she smiled.

After tea we got down to cases. She had a story to tell — and sell. We made a deal. I would pay her \$2,000 for a full confession signed by her, which I would ghost-write for *Cosmopolitan* magazine. In return she and her husband were to go to a secluded rural village and hide out from other correspondents (and our Army's G-2 and CIC) until after publication of the confession. Failure to comply would nullify the agreement. Now I was in business.

Rose talked for hours, with Lee making notes on the portable. It was the story of an intelligent, scholarly young woman who had sold out the country she really loved for the country (Japan) she really hated, for \$6.60 monthly and, by wartime conditions in Japan, a "soft" living. Instead of going into a munitions factory and sticking it out she, with no regard for consequences, elected to become America's first woman traitor.

She was born in 1916 — on the Fourth of July — of a high-class California Japanese family. She had every educational advantage and many social advantages unusual to West Coast Nisei.

She related the story of her graduation from UCLA in 1941, and how, following "the biggest fireworks display ever given me on my birthday," she sailed for Japan, second class, on the following day, July 5, 1941. She didn't want to go, and went only because some family emissary had to go to Tokyo to attend the illness of her mother's sister. Her mother was ill too, and her father too busy, and so she was elected.

Rose told of her dislike for Japan, rice, and relatives; how she tried to get back home; was caught in the war; needed a job; and how, after doing stenographic jobs, she listened to the wiles of a former U.S. Army captain — and became a traitor. The captain — a former radio commentator — had been taken pris-

oner on Corregidor and rushed to Tokyo where he became "Radio Tokyo's" top anti-American propagandist. He taught Rose the trade, wrote her scripts, and began her sweet music and sour propaganda.

AT LONG last "Rose" finished her story. We had seventeen pages of typewritten notes.

Lee hurried away to Atsuki to file a piece of the story. Before he left I gave him a cable to *Cosmopolitan*, my magazine, stating that I had the traitor's confession. With Lee's departure I began writing that article. I worked throughout the night.

Then things happened, fast!

Lee got back to the Imperial with a long face and handed me a cable. My editor was astounded that I would offer an article by a traitor and demanded an explanation. Back in Yokohama, some 250 correspondents were laughing up their sleeves at the cable, which was made public.

In the meantime, I learned that "Rose" had been talking to Army officers, and thus invalidated her agreement with me. So when Lee arrived, I handed over the story — and his INS editor was thrilled when he received the material which Lee had broken down into a series. *I kept the seventeen pages of typewritten notes which Lee had recorded.*

Rose was arrested. She was locked up for a long time, and finally released while the investigation continued.

Time and place changed. On a

Sunday evening in February, 1948, Silliman Evans, publisher of the Nashville *Tennessean*, and the writer were sitting in our suite in the Wardman Park Hotel, in Washington. We had a Monday morning appointment with the Attorney General, then Tom Clark, concerning matters in Tennessee. We were listening to the radio. A news broadcast asserted that the Department of Justice (from Clark's office) had announced that no treason case could be made against Tokyo Rose because Brundidge had lost the seventeen-page confession made to Lee and Brundidge. I was red-hot because that original confession was reposing in my New York apartment.

I called my friend, J. Edgar Hoover, and told him I *had* the original and he made plans to have it picked up. Next morning, after we had finished our Tennessee business, Clark asked me if I would go to Tokyo. He asked if I could get Rose to sign that original statement. I said I would and I could. Soon thereafter I took off in a military plane for Tokyo. With me was John B. Hogan, an assistant to the Attorney General.

IN TOKYO, Hogan gathered a large number of Japanese witnesses against Rose — mostly former associates at Radio Tokyo. Then, at last, we were ready to talk to our little traitor. She was sitting on a bench, outside a large conference room on the fifth floor of GHQ, reading yesterday's edition of *Stars and Stripes*. She

looked up as we came in, recognized me, extended a hand and said: "Hello, Mr. Brundidge." I introduced Mr. Hogan, who got down to business. He handed her the typewritten notes of her confession to Lee and me.

"Do you remember this?" Hogan asked.

"I think so."

"What is it?"

"I'm quite sure it is the statement I made to Mr. Brundidge and Mr. Lee when they talked to me in the Imperial Hotel in September, 1945, before the Occupation."

"Will you read it?"

"Of course, if you want me to. I've read it before."

Rose read all the seventeen pages.

"Is that a true statement?"

"It was true when I made it and it's true now."

"Will you sign it?"

"Certainly." And she did.

Then she smiled at me and said: "I've told you everything because, win or lose, I want to go home. When do you think I'll be tried?"

I could only shake my head in the negative.

"Well," she said, "the sooner the better."

AGAIN, there is a shift of scenes. This time to San Francisco. It was September, 1948. Rose, following our report to the Attorney General, had been arrested and shipped back to her native California. As the Army transport docked she was turned over to the U.S. Deputy

Marshals. A grand jury was in session. Lee and I were called. We told all we knew about Rose. Her original statement to us — now signed by her — was offered in evidence. And then Lee and I poured it on the Army captain who taught Rose her broadcasting business.

The jury demanded that the prosecutors write an indictment not only of Rose but of the Army officer. Hogan and the others pointed out that the Army officer was not within the jurisdiction of the court and therefore could not be indicted. *The jury went on a strike, adjourned, and refused to indict Rose.* It was only after the prosecutors promised to eventually bring about an indictment — somewhere — of the Army officer (a promise never kept) that Rose was indicted.

A year later she went to trial in San Francisco. On September 30, 1949, she was convicted as a traitor and sentenced to a prison sentence of ten years and a fine of \$10,000.

So the tiny gardener with the green thumb continues her labors at the Alderson Reformatory. And Rose might be interested in knowing that there is no disposition in Washington to let her out for good behavior. The officials think she got off cheap.

What ever happened to the Army captain who taught Rose her trade? Instead of being tried, he was promoted to major, a rank he still holds in the United States Army! Name furnished on request.

Do You Know That —

- ▶ The Communist Party, USA, admits spending over three hundred thousand dollars on the Rosenberg case, principally on propaganda efforts. Contributions, “from the American people,” it is claimed, amounted to over two hundred thousand dollars.
- ▶ A physical clean up of the Department of Justice’s Criminal Division, ordered recently, uncovered 10,000 pieces of unanswered mail, dating as far back as 1928.
- ▶ Mentally ill patients in the United States occupy about half of all hospital beds and outnumber patients suffering from any other type of disease.
- ▶ Because of a ruling forbidding attachment of Federal employees’ salaries, it is estimated that 25,000 government workers have been evading full payment of their income tax by ignoring sums due over the amount deducted by payroll withholding procedures.
- ▶ A Senate subcommittee survey reveals that Soviet Russia now controls governments which encompass one quarter of the world’s area — thus controlling one third of the total world population, although total Communist Party membership is the merest fraction of this figure.
- ▶ New York State alone produces annually two and one-half times more canned goods than does all of Russia.
- ▶ Contracts awarded European manufacturers during fiscal 1953 for material and equipment to supply defense projects of NATO totaled over one and one-half billion dollars. Fifteen countries got contracts to produce aircraft, tanks, armament and the like.
- ▶ An official of the anti-Communist union which is in opposition to Harry Bridges’ union on the Pacific coast testified that the Communist Party has inspired successful large-scale sabotage of cargo shipping, principally in Los Angeles harbor.
- ▶ In his first six months in office, President Eisenhower appointed twenty-seven women to high policy posts in government.
- ▶ Although apparent results in epidemic areas this summer were heartening, health authorities are not convinced that anything has been established as to the effectiveness of gamma globulin as a polio preventive. Since the injections were given to all members of groups which might have been affected, this left no untreated “control” group. NORA DE TOLEDANO

Remembered Christmas

By JUNE WILCOXON BROWN

MY MOST memorable Christmas has nothing to do with the usual sentimentalities. There was no gift of a long-wanted wrist watch, no joyous family gathering with sleigh bells in the snow and a



fat Santa Claus with a pillow stomach to keep slipping as he handed out the presents, no great show of Yuletide spirit like taking baskets to the poor. It was — well, let us say, different. Yet after thirty years I can look upon it with a certain touching remembrance.

My father, a topographical engineer, had been sent to Texas to map a section near Austin. Although he had not planned for us to stay in the state's capital, we were marooned there because of the rains which had made the roads to Georgetown, the place he had selected for his headquarters, impassable. He kept hoping, though, that we would be in the smaller town for Christmas. But even if we were, it looked as if the holiday, which was only a week off, would be far below our expectations. With the confusion of unpacking and getting settled, there would not

be time to provide for the usual tree, candle decorations, and evergreen wreaths. Yet there were some comforting substitutes in one of the steamer trunks at the railroad station in Georgetown — a small

collapsible tree made of green paper, and a box of decorations: red and green balls, a gold star, silver tinsel to add glitter to the tree, and some pale plaster angels. But day after day the rains continued, saturating the earth and leaving the roads either filled with deep ruts or a bottomless mass of slimy mud.

We had already been in Austin three weeks waiting for the weather to break, and Mother and I were getting restless, even though we did have daily lessons so I wouldn't be too far behind when I was able to enter school again, my third for that year. I had started in Illinois, moved on to spend six weeks in a District of Columbia school, and now here we were in Texas.

We usually spent the mornings in study and went sight-seeing or shopping in the afternoon. But we had looked at every nook of the capitol

building and wandered through all the stores — in one Mother had bought me a brown felt hat to match my winter coat. And we had ridden every place we could on the streetcars. "Don't give up hope," Dad kept saying. "We'll get out of here yet."

But on the twenty-second of December, my father came back to our rented room looking glum. "We won't get out of Austin now until after Christmas," he admitted. The three of us silently looked around our cramped quarters, a single room with its double bed and cot, dresser, desk, and two straight-back chairs. It wasn't an unpleasant room. In a new, red-brick rooming house, it was neat and clean, but like all temporary living places it had the naked impersonality of an automobile without fenders.

Mother, who had a Chautauqua queen's constitution, though, when it came to coping with situations which arise from constantly moving around the country, sighed and shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, last Christmas was a good one," she said. "If we didn't have some like this, we wouldn't appreciate the others."

Dad didn't say anything. He just walked over, put his hand on her shoulder as he liked to do, and then turned to me. "Sorry, Puddin'," he said, using his pet nickname for me, "but we'll make it up to you next year." I managed a weak smile as he tweaked my nose.

AT EIGHT, the thought of skipping a Christmas can be heartbreaking, but six years of our nomad life had already taught me that such things were to be expected, and we simply made the best of them, no matter how much they hurt. I didn't reckon, though, on what the next day was to bring.

It was raining again. The sky was gray and gloomy. Everything felt moist and smelled of rain. My father had gone to the capitol building to see the state engineers, and Mother and I were sitting by the window. We had finished my morning studies and were looking out at the drab street and buildings which seemed as limp and drenched as clothes left on the line through a downpour. "Maybe the sun will come out tomorrow," my mother said, sighing heavily, and she casually leaned over to stroke my hair as I pressed my nose against the cold window pane.

Then I heard a sharp intake of breath. "Good heavens!" she cried and yanked my head down where she could get a good look at it in the gray light. Puzzled and slightly uneasy, I remained in the stiff, cramped position while she, ominously quiet, studied my hair. "Lice!" she said finally in a voice that sounded as if my father had been caught robbing an orphanage.

I remember the awful flutter in my stomach as, stricken, I turned my face up to her. "You — you mean I've got lice?" I stammered in hushed shame.

"Yes," she said, frantically clawing through my hair. "Millions of them," she added, almost in tears. "What will I do? What will I do? This is terrible!" I could never remember having heard her so desperate. Not even the time we lost Dad in the Cincinnati railroad station and almost missed our train.

Then we spent two long hours in painstaking search. For once I sat motionless, barely breathing, while my mother went over every hair. The room was solemnly quiet, except for the tick of Dad's alarm clock on the desk and an occasional crunch when Mother destroyed a louse or some nits with her fingernails. I had the feeling things were crawling all over me, and my arms and legs and body kept itching. I endured this torture and didn't scratch, though, because Mother said it was only my imagination and that every time I moved there was a chance of her missing a louse. We didn't even take time to go out for lunch. When she finished, she gave me a shampoo, scrubbing my scalp until it burned. But the soap smelled clean, and afterward I didn't feel so tainted. Then she went over my hair again with a fine-toothed comb.

When my father came back to our room, she blurted out the disgraceful news. "I should never have tried those hats on her!" she wailed. "I should never have bought her a hat!"

"Maybe she didn't get lice from trying on hats," my father said.

"Maybe one crawled on her from a streetcar seat. Remember, her head rests on the back of them. But things like this happen to everyone. It's no disgrace. Why don't you ask someone what to do? The lady who runs this place could probably tell you."

"And admit to anyone that my child has lice! Never! They'd think we weren't clean."

"Nonsense."

But Mother couldn't be convinced, and I, wanting only to hug my disgrace to myself in secret misery, offered no comment. That night after I went to bed, though, the hot tears crept quietly down my cheeks and soaked my pillow. I was ruined for life. This dreadful thing that had happened to me would make me more of an outcast than ever. It was already bad enough trying to make friends when I wasn't in any community for more than a few weeks or months at a time. But now I was truly marked. I didn't know how they would find out, but with a child's illogicalness, I could imagine children staring at me, laughing and pointing, as they mocked, "She's got lice!"

LONELINESS and despair were still with me when I awakened the morning of December 24th. They stayed with me all day, through two more shampoos and two more searchings for lice—one in the morning and one in the afternoon. My lessons were forgotten, which

was small solace in my predicament. When we went out to eat, I felt as if everyone were looking at me, and I kept my eyes on my plate, not wanting to face anybody. Afterward we scurried back to our room to sit in pained silence while we pretended to read.

When I went to bed Christmas Eve, I knew this was the worst Christmas I would ever have. There would be no tree with its clean, piney smell, no gaily wrapped presents. Nothing. "We'll have our Christmas after we get to Georgetown," Dad said, kissing me good-night. I nodded. Nothing really seemed to matter now anyway. But once again my pillow was wet, and the salty taste of tears was in my mouth; and I could feel the crawling itchiness of my head and body, although Mother hadn't found a single louse or nit the last time she searched through my hair. I went to sleep with the sound of rain beating against the window.

It was the sunshine that awakened me the next morning. When I saw it shining on a suitcase open on a chair, I sat up and shouted, "Mother! Dad! The sun is shining! Merry Christmas!" Then my glance caught the red ribbon running from the suitcase to the desk. My heart stopped as I stared at the desk. On

top was a huge red ribbon bow, and streaming out from it were a dozen narrower red and green ribbons, leading to all parts of the room — in drawers, under the beds, into the closet. And there was a big card saying, "Merry Christmas to Puddin' from Santa Claus."

"Oh, Mother! Oh, Dad!" I choked, and a big tear slipped down my cheek. I ran and hugged them both as they sat up in bed. Then I rushed back to the big red bow. It took almost an hour for me to run down the ribbons, read the cards on which Mother had composed little verses, open the presents and examine each one carefully. There were tiny dolls, a gold bracelet, some games, and a small bottle of perfume like Mother's.

When it was all over I sat in the wreckage of tissue paper and ribbon, and a good warmth flowed through me as I looked at Mother and Dad. "It isn't such a bad Christmas after all, is it?" Dad said, voice husky.

I looked at him and then at Mother and her eyes were watery. "It's a wonderful Christmas!" I cried. Then suddenly I remembered. "Even — even if I do have lice!" I added lamely. For a moment we all looked helplessly at each other. Then, as if it were the biggest joke in the world, we started to laugh.



Why Are We Losing Our Schoolteachers?

BY FRANK DuBOIS

WHEN school opened last September, the Board of Education of New York City revealed that two hundred newly appointed teachers failed to report for duty for the term. A lot of people were shocked by this and asked, "What will happen to our future generation if teachers are just going to walk out on the job?"

I wasn't shocked the least bit. I quit the teaching profession myself last year and I very well understood the decision of these two hundred men and women who failed to show up. These young teachers, and they are typical of many more in other cities throughout the nation, had all had experience in the New York schools as student teachers and substitute teachers or they could not have been given their regular full-time appointments. When they quit, they were therefore already familiar with the schoolteacher's job and they knew what they were saying "No" to. I taught in the city's high schools for four years under a substitute license, but a good part of the time I was acting as a regular teacher with my own classes for a full term at a time. I therefore also knew what I was walking out on, and considered myself lucky to be able to get out.

A large proportion of teachers throughout our country are held in their jobs only by the fear of making a change. Either they are too old to seek a new field or their background is too academic to give them a chance for good pay in the commercial world. But as these teachers retire, will

there be enough young people to replace them in our American schoolrooms?

The chance that there may *not* be one day means that we had better look into why so many people quit teaching after a few years' taste of it and why so many more young college graduates refuse even to consider teaching as a career, just on the basis of what they have heard about it. Already in every large city the question has become a pressing one, and now the smaller communities as well are experiencing more difficulty in securing teachers than ever before. I think my own reasons for giving up teaching will throw some light on the problem, for I know many more teachers who have quit or plan to quit for the same reasons.

First of all, it is not just a question of salary. In my present job with a publishing company, I am making no more than I did as a teacher and I don't have a two months' paid vacation. A sudden increase in teachers' salaries wouldn't get me back into the profession, either. It might keep a few from quitting, but basically the trouble is not that teachers are dissatisfied with their pay. After all, who isn't dissatisfied?

The trouble is that the job of teaching has become the most nerve-racking line of work that the college graduate of today can possibly pick for himself. All the old jokes about teachers getting nervous breakdowns are no longer jokes. A

bad case of nerves is taken for granted these days as being one of the occupational hazards which the teacher has to face. Anyone who wants to remain mentally healthy during his short stay on earth shouldn't go into teaching. And if he is already in, he should get out. But let's take a look inside a typical modern high school and see what goes on there to chase so many new teachers right out of their chosen profession.

THE first jolt you will get when you step inside any classroom in a city school today is the open contempt that the majority of students have for their teachers. There was a time when teachers could count on getting their pupils' attention without having to perform gymnastics. This is no longer the case. Students now expect to be entertained. If you can't perform like a good television comedian you are lost.

The students don't believe in concentrating on lessons and if you try to demand it of them they simply decide to ignore you in the same blasé way they turn off their TV sets when Red Buttons goes off the air. Conversation resumes where it left off before class started and for the rest of the period you are left with a noisy classroom on your hands, and there is no getting them quiet.

That brings us to the next point. Today's children aren't afraid of anything. You can't get them to

stop talking and pay attention merely by scolding or assigning some mild punishment. They merely laugh at you if you try it. Even writing to their parents usually has no effect.

One thing that especially appalled me about the discipline problem was that it was not only new teachers like myself who had trouble, although we had more than we knew how to put up with, but frequently older, experienced teachers would find themselves no better able to manage the students than a raw beginner. This is mainly because the old-timers expect more from the pupils in the way of scholarly achievement than the modern adolescent has been trained to give, and the students are quick to rebel when they feel they are being pushed. Not infrequently their rebellion will take the form of derisive laughter, catcalls, and throwing chalk around the room. This is high school I am speaking of, not kindergarten, but there is very little difference these days between the maturity of teenagers and that of six-year-olds. I have seen teachers with twenty years' experience unable to quell a raucous rebellion in their classrooms once it had begun.

It was this failure of even the oldest hands to control the pupils in every high school I taught in, more than my own failure, which persuaded me to give up teaching. There is no simple way of learning how to manage modern adolescents,

or I could have looked forward to enjoying a successful career of teaching once I had put in a few necessary apprentice years. Instead, I heard all around me nothing but complaints from the most seasoned teachers. These older teachers console themselves by counting the days until retirement. Their advice to young teachers is to get out.

I HAVE so far spoken only of the general level of discipline in the average high school. You also have your special discipline cases in every school, and in some schools you have practically nothing but serious behavior problems.

In one school where I taught, a boy strung a wire across a stairway at the top of the flight, causing a serious injury to a teacher who was tripped by it. I once came close to being badly hurt myself when I arrived for a class a few minutes late one day. The students were all in the room and I was about to enter when something made me hesitate. The door was standing a few inches ajar. Adolescents don't normally leave a door this way. They throw it open violently and they don't close it again unless they are told to. Then they slam it shut. Naturally I was suspicious, so I looked up to see just what sort of booby trap they had constructed. Some bright youngster had placed the metal wastepaper basket on the top of the door so that it would have come down on my head if I had walked in

unaware. Needless to say, it was a nice full basket and would have made a good dent in my skull.

Sometimes a teacher suffers more than annoyance or minor injury from his charges. Occasionally, in the rougher schools, knives and zip guns are brought into play. While I do not know of any case in recent history where students have actually killed a teacher, there have been several incidents in the past few years in which teachers were badly wounded and had to be taken to the hospital. Sometimes these occurrences are reported in the papers, but often this publicity is avoided. The news spreads within the profession, however, and a few more wonder if it isn't time to quit.

WHY is it that the teacher nowadays has so much trouble controlling his pupils, getting them to do their work and to behave respectfully toward him? I think the main fault is the way discipline is administered in the schools.

When I first started teaching, I was amazed to find that I was given virtually no authority to administer punishment where it was needed nor any power whatever to compel obedience from pupils who felt like being unruly. The only kind of punishment the school had set up, short of actually expelling the student, was the system of "detention," a modern word for the very old idea of keeping the pupil after school. No matter what you call it, though,

it only works well with the little elementary school children. In the high schools, the "detention room" has lately become a club where all the delinquents in the school are sure to meet their friends.

The worst thing about it is that the ordinary classroom teacher isn't allowed to assign even this weak form of punishment personally in most schools. If he has a mischievous adolescent in his class, he has to send him to someone else for disciplinary action. This someone else is usually a dean, assistant principal, or the head of a department. This system is pretty much the same in most cities, with only minor variations. It is a very poor system, none the less, because these school officials who are supposed to mete out the punishment usually have more discipline cases sent to them than they can handle, and some of the boys sent to them are such chronic offenders that detention and letters to parents no longer worry these youngsters in the least.

It is hard for teachers to do anything about the problem of discipline because the same causes which have brought it about now stand in the way of its solution. The chief cause is the disgraceful policies of administration which have infected the school system. The men who occupy the important posts should be experts in every phase of the field of education, and in these times of widespread delinquency, they should be concentrating every

ounce of their energies to find out the causes of bad behavior and to remove them. Apparently, however, our school administrators are not giving the problem any serious thought at all, for year after year goes by without a single solution being brought forth.

THERE are many other factors which make it difficult for the teacher to control his students successfully. One cause is the overcrowded classrooms which exist in so many schools today. At a time when students need individual attention more than ever before if they are to be trained away from the jungle law they learn in the streets, teachers find themselves facing classes of forty or more children. Often there will be more students in a class than there are seats, and some must therefore stand for the entire term, using the windowsill for a desk. Many schools are forced to run two or three shifts in order to accommodate all the children in their neighborhood, which means that some youngsters must be in school as early as 7:30 in the morning, while others do not finish their last class until after 6:00 P.M. To require students to attend school at such unusual hours as these certainly doesn't encourage their enthusiasm for learning. To correct these conditions we need many more schools and many more teachers. In order to attract more people to teaching, we will need not only to offer them higher

pay, but we must assure them of respect and understanding on the part of the public and better co-operation from principals and other school administrators.

Every parent has an additional responsibility with regard to his own children of school age, for the home is still the main influence for good or evil in the life of a child, and it is there that children must be taught attitudes of respect and obedience to their elders from the cradle up. If they aren't trained at home during the early years there is little the teacher can do with them by the time they are ready for school. Parents need to take a more active part, too, in supervising their children's study and recreational activities, and in protecting them from bad friendships with other boys and girls. There has been too much nonsense put out in psychology books lately about the child's need for freedom. Most children today are suffering the effects of too much freedom. They aren't adults and until they are, they need a good deal of watching if they are going to grow up into decent men and women with respect for the laws and the moral code of our society.

Education is everybody's job, and the teacher can only do his part of the job well when he has the willing co-operation of our entire society. Until these conditions are met we are going to continue to lose our schoolteachers at an increasingly rapid rate.

HORSE-AND-BUGGY WARRANTY

By Jack Bannick

IF YOU laid \$3,000 on the line to buy something, you'd want it guaranteed to last longer than three months. Yet that's all the protection you get when you buy an automobile — your biggest investment next to your home.

It doesn't make good sense that you should pay anywhere from \$1,800 to \$5,000 for your new car — which is guaranteed for *only* 90 days or 4,000 miles — while comparatively inexpensive things such as radios, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, and TV sets may be guaranteed against defects for a year or more.

That makes the new-car warranty look kind of "horse-and-buggyish" — and maybe that's just what it is, because it was developed back in the days when gas buggies were still competing with horse-buggies on the mud roads of America. It has never been improved in your favor, either — and never

will be unless you do something about it.

For example, something like this often happens — and may have happened to you:

A man buys a new car, drives it about 3,000 miles. The motor starts missing. The seat slips back and forth in the track. There's trouble with hard starting, the windshield glass cracks, the trunk leaks, the front tires wear unevenly — and a lot of other headaches. The man is thoroughly disgusted. He wants the car replaced with another.

The car, of course, is covered by a new-car warranty. But the warranty doesn't provide for replacing the car, no matter how much trouble it gives. "You bought it, brother! We'll fix it or replace it piece by piece — but you've got to keep it."



Well, let's take a long look at this warranty. Let's see what seems fair and unfair — and what you can do about it

1. *The warranty covers a car in the hands of its first retail purchaser only.*

That seems fair enough. We can't expect a manufacturer to take the rap for the condition of a used car.

2. *The warranty covers a period of 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever occurs first.*

Dealers and manufacturers may tell you something like this: "Ninety days or 4,000 miles is not an arbitrary figure but represents the best judgment of engineers as to the period a car, having defects, will operate before such defects appear."

That simply isn't true, and the engineers themselves will howl for an adjustment if something goes wrong with their own cars beyond the warranty. The warranty is a time and mileage limitation mutually agreed upon among manufacturers as being the minimum limit they can place upon their responsibility to build a satisfactory and trouble-free product of *merchantable quality* as legally specified.

BUT SUPPOSE there's a fault in the cylinder block, say a crack which almost but not quite extends through into the cylinder bore. No engineering tests ever made will determine whether that particular crack will break through into the cylinder bore at one, four, ten, or twenty thousand miles. It is a "hidden defect," a faulty block. Whenever that crack breaks through, the resultant expense should be paid by the factory which produced it.

For another example, suppose the metal in the spring main leaf is not properly annealed. The leaf may fail through fatigue after an *indeterminate* length of time. No manufacturer can be morally right in saying that if the spring fails at 3,500 miles it was defective; but if it fails at 7,500 miles it was not defective.

Paint is another thing. An extremely bad paint job may show up within 90 days. But many cases of poorly applied paint do not show up within so short a time.

3. *The warranty covers only those parts of the car manufactured or assembled by the car manufacturer.*

That leaves you out in the cold on a lot of items.

4. *Determination of defect rests solely with the manufacturer, and parts alleged to be defective under the terms of the warranty are to be returned to the manufacturer for inspection, transportation charges prepaid. If upon inspection the manufacturer finds the parts to be defective, he agrees to replace the parts at no charge for labor or material within the period of 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever occurs first.*

The dealer's responsibility under the warranty is to execute it for the manufacturer. Many dealers are conscientious, anxious to do right and keep you satisfied. But some will do as little for you as they can get away with — because it costs a dealer some money to perform work on your car at no charge under the terms of the warranty.

Here are examples of difficulty you are likely to run into under the warranty, and what to do if your dealer fails to correct them:

Excessive oil and fuel consumption: When you report this to your dealer, if he asks you to drive the car a few thousand miles to see whether the condition "will correct itself," notify both the dealer and the manufacturer *in writing* so that you can prove later on that these troubles existed within the warranty. Otherwise, as soon as you have driven the car over 4,000 miles, the dealer may tell you it is important to replace the piston rings, grind the valves, and overhaul the carburetor — at your expense.

Other conditions which should be similarly handled are a poor paint job, chrome rusting or peeling, differential noise, body rattles, windshield and window leaks, clutch throw-out bearing noisy, etc.

If your dealer is conscientious, he will correct all such conditions the *first* time you report them. If he is not conscientious, he will stall you along until the warranty runs out, and then charge you for the work.

So protect yourself each time by notifying both the dealer and the manufacturer *in writing*. Then you've got legal proof to get yourself justice — even if you won't get a new car.

5 and 6. *This warranty does not apply to trade accessories, purchased by the car manufacturer from outside sources as complete assemblies. This warranty does not apply to tires.*

Trade accessories are such things as radios, batteries, generators, carburetors, water pumps, oil pumps, speedometers, instrument board gauges, windshield wipers, and tires. These parts carry their own warranty of 90 days or 4,000 miles from their manufacturer. The car owner is often responsible for getting any possible adjustment out of the local representative of the tire or accessory manufacturer. Some car dealers will take on the job for you, but not all. For example, if a tire is faulty, you may have to waste your time contacting the tire company's distributor to obtain an adjustment.

That isn't fair. If the car manufacturer approves a particular make of tire, battery, generator, radio, or what-not for use on his line of cars, he should accept full responsibility and see to it that any defective parts are replaced promptly at no charge and without inconvenience to the car owner. If there is any arguing to be done, the car manufacturer or dealer should do it, not the car owner.

It boils down to this: Car owners pay out many millions of dollars for replacement parts and labor charges on items of inherent fault in the manufacture and assembly of cars. What to do about it? Well, a lot of men got together a year ago and elected a new President. If a lot of car owners started making an issue of these things — *in writing* — chances are all car owners would soon get a fairer deal all around.



AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

vs.

THE UNTEACHABLE THREE

By Francis B. Rockwell



ON THE score of denouncing America and appeasing the Soviet Union, there is an astonishing degree of intellectual free trade. Neutralism and wishful thinking about the cold war have no tariff barriers. Verbally packaged in nearly identical clichés, the threadbare ideas on how to be sweet to the Soviets circulate from England to India and back to the headquarters of “American liberalism” within the space of a week.

If anyone doubts that the world is small, he should examine three speeches on foreign policy made within four days of each other and 12,000 miles apart — one in Chicago, on September 15th, by Adlai Stevenson; one in New Delhi by Jawaharlal Nehru on September 17th; and one, on September 19th, by Clement Attlee, in England.

It is not surprising that an English socialist and an Indian should both conclude that the chief danger to world peace is America rather than the Soviet Union. It is disturbing, however, to discover that the idol of at least one wing of the Democratic Party finds himself in such striking agreement with these foreign critics of the American policy of John Foster Dulles and President Eisenhower.

Mr. Stevenson’s TV address was distinguished, as usual, for its alliteration and well-balanced sentence structure. Adlai’s prose rhythm is preferable in some respects to Harry Truman’s. Indeed, his style compares favorably with that of Clement Attlee. So, unhappily, does the content. Not only his cadences but his concepts indicate that Mr. Stevenson’s spiritual home is the House of Commons.

The former governor of Illinois, it is true, was abroad all last summer and is perhaps more in tune with the emotions of Europeans and Asians than Americans. Indeed he half admitted this himself in his Chicago speech when he said: "For six months I have traveled across this vast and troubled world for tens of thousands of miles, which was just as exhausting as the campaign, but I didn't encounter as much opposition." When we compare Stevenson's curious notions of foreign policy with those of Attlee and Nehru, it is easy to see why he found less opposition to his views abroad than among his countrymen.

For the citizens of this nation, with a few vocal exceptions, have had almost enough of Communist falsehood and blackmail. Most Americans, unlike Attlee and Nehru (and Mr. Stevenson), are tired of basing our foreign policy on vague hope, largesse and hand-wringing. We are a people slow to anger, but when we have been betrayed, libeled and swindled a dozen times, we are still capable of indignation and common sense in our dealings with tyrants.

BUT Mr. Stevenson, like Attlee and Nehru, complains that President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles are too determined in their opposition to Communism. He thinks America is too "inflexible," too unwilling to bargain anew with the Chinese enemy. He even says:

"... when we negotiate, we have to have something to negotiate *with* as well as *for*." (*Italics added*.)

What does our world traveler suggest that we use as a further bribe to induce the Chinese to return the American prisoners they are still holding in violation of their pledged word? Shall we give them Formosa? Must we depose Syngman Rhee? Or shall we please Nehru and Attlee and offer a seat in the United Nations to the outlaw government that terrorizes its own people and murders sick American prisoners-of-war? As you say, Mr. Stevenson, we must be prepared to make some concessions to get along with the enemy. If not these, what then? We can scarcely negotiate by offering to give the Russians the secret of the hydrogen bomb. Thanks in part to the Soviet conspiracy which flourished in Washington under the insensitive nose of Mr. Truman, the chaps on the other side already have that asset.

Mr. Stevenson voices many sentiments dear to the hearts of Attlee and Nehru. Translated out of political jargon into the simple words of the English poet, Tennyson, they say: "We stretch lame hands of faith and grope, and faintly trust the larger hope." With such a battle cry we are to defend ourselves from the octopus who has already swallowed one-third of the earth.

"The door to the conference room is the door to peace," continues the chief of our political intelligentsia. It depends, of course, on

who's standing on the other side of the door. At Munich, Yalta, Potsdam and Panmunjom, the door to the conference room was the door to betrayal, bad faith, surrender and death — death for American soldiers and for countless thousands of potential allies behind the Iron Curtain, murdered by the swinging doors of the conference room. Time and time again, America has extended a friendly hand through such a door, only to have the Soviets slam it on our elbow and slash the wrist. Now, when for the first time in nearly eight years we stand bleeding but angry, Mr. Stevenson would persuade us to return to the tender mercies of the Communist razor.

WHILE urging us to explore the "intentions" of the Communist Chinese with patient negotiation, Mr. Stevenson takes care to discredit the anti-Communists in America. His own country, he says, is a place where "inquisitions, purges, book-burning, repression and fear have obscured the bright vision of the land of the free and the home of the brave." Here again he seems to be in complete agreement with Clement Attlee's fantasy that what is called "McCarthyism" is a greater threat to freedom than the military, economic, ideological, and subversive weapons of the whole Communist empire. Naturally, Mr. Stevenson doesn't bother to document this savage and distorted picture.

The same thing is true of Mr.

Nehru, but he has at least two excuses not open to Adlai: (1) he doesn't know America intimately; and (2) confusion is the hallmark of Indian metaphysics. Like Adlai's confusion, however, it is channeled consistently in a direction critical of a firm, moral, and courageous American foreign policy.

For while Mr. Stevenson was polishing his quips at Chicago and calling Dulles "inflexible," Mr. Nehru was nursing his grievances in New Delhi and branding the same Mr. Dulles "immature." Why? Because our Secretary of State felt that India should have no vote in the Korean armistice since she refused to answer the United Nation's request for troops to halt aggression. Simple but "immature."

This was on September 17th, and on the 19th, Attlee accused our Secretary of being "intolerant."

The leader of the Indian "third force" was so distressed by American firmness against Red China that he confessed, "Recent events have made me slightly more doubtful of any permanent settlement in the near future." The unlawful aggression of Chinese hordes in North Korea, Soviet lies about American "germ warfare," and Russian pilots flying with the UN's enemy didn't upset Mr. Nehru nearly so much as our refusal to let Red China blackmail her way into the United Nations. In the face of Soviet treachery and Chinese atrocities, Mr. Nehru remained calm and optimistic about

the future. America's decision to stop appeasing her enemies, however, fills him with alarm and despondency.

AND WHAT of Mr. Attlee's morale? He too is depressed by the rising tide of American courage and determination to stop the Communist dry rot. Calling for the admission of Red China to the United Nations, the British Labor leader made an extraordinary charge: that U. S. foreign policy has been responsible for the steady deterioration of the world situation. According to him, the bright hopes for peace have been dashed to earth by Americans in general and the Republican Party in particular. Praising the Communist government of Yugoslavia and attacking the patriotism of Syngman Rhee, Mr. Attlee completed the anti-American triangle whose base runs from London to New Delhi and had its apex, on September 15th, in Chicago.

Oddly enough, neither Mr. Attlee nor Mr. Nehru nor Mr. Stevenson put any emphasis on Russian responsibility for the increase in world tension. None of these distinguished critics of President Eisenhower, Secretary of State Dulles, the American Congress, the Republican Party and "McCarthyism" say a single word about any of the following incidents which came after Dwight Eisenhower's invitation to Malenkov to build peace with deeds not words:

1. Soviet tanks which crushed the riots of freedom-loving workers in East Berlin;
2. clubs and threats of Communist police used to deter hungry Germans from eating free American food;
3. the new Communist offensive in Laos;
4. the Communist-sponsored effort to overthrow the government of Thailand;
5. the Communist-sponsored effort to take over Iran;
6. development of a Communist propaganda and espionage network in South America;
7. continued Soviet refusal to agree on inspection and control of atomic and hydrogen weapons;
8. illegal confinement of American prisoners in Korea who were eligible for repatriation;
9. brain-washing, torture and murder of American prisoners-of-war in Korea;
10. distribution of Communist propaganda throughout Africa;
11. dispatch of observers and military supplies to aid Communist guerrillas in Indo-China;
12. infiltration of thousands of Communist agents across the East Zone border in an attempt to disrupt the West German elections by riots;
13. seizure of American business property by the pro-Communist government of Guatemala;
14. continued refusal on the part of the Soviets to negotiate in good faith on Germany and Austria.

With so many to choose from, Mr. Dulles' odd and assorted critics

might have selected at least one or two of these events to keep the cold war record in balance. But September 14th to 20th was apparently "Be Kind to Malenkov Week" for Attlee, Nehru and Steve.

IT is easy enough to explain the singular views of Attlee and Nehru. The Englishman is a socialist and he is out of office. Taunting America makes him a hero with some segments of the British electorate. (It must be remembered that Englishmen are much more insular and "isolationist" than almost any tribe of Americans.) Then, too, like any English politician, Mr. Attlee is wedded to the concept of the balance of power. If America becomes too resolute in the conduct of the cold war, there will be no opportunity for British statesmen to play their favorite role of honest broker.

The same dogma of the middleman appeals to Nehru. If he can keep the balance even between Communism and the free world, India's weight will be a deciding factor. Like other statesmen who thought they were clever enough to play tightrope poker with dictators, Nehru is confident he can manage on the high wire that is fixed, at one end, to the yak-tail standard of Genghis Khan. However much we may deplore his suicidal acrobatics, we must acknowledge Nehru's right to perform.

But we have a duty to voice strenuous objections when a would-

be American president asks us to indulge in the same perilous gymnastics. What is Adlai Stevenson of Illinois doing up there on the same limb with Nehru of New Delhi and Attlee of London?

Mr. Stevenson's primary loyalty is neither to Asia nor to England — not even to the United Nations. It is to the American Republic and after that to the Democratic Party. There are conservatives in that party, like Russell and Byrd and McCarran — and others too numerous to mention — who never make speeches which imply that American patriotism is somehow outmoded. The Democratic Party has genuine intellectuals, like Paul Douglas, also of Illinois, who always place the security of America first, whatever the cost in opportunity to rise from the ranks. It would be tragic if such a party came to be regarded as the playground of a jester who trifles with ideas from India and England on the wisdom of cooperating with Communism.

The Democratic Party stands for values and aims much more serious than the wisecracks and witticisms of Mr. Stevenson would indicate. His well-turned platitudes may excite the *avant garde* but it is doubtful if great credit should be attached to the politician who knows more about limericks than national defense. This is the milieu of Malenkov, an era in history in which eggheads either get hard-boiled — or scrambled by the Soviets.

Demons of *the Dusk —*

BUT MAN'S BEST FRIENDS

By Vance Hoyt

OF ALL birdlife, owls are the most mysterious and least understood, remarkable avian creatures of the night that have always held a strange fascination for men and played a not inconsiderable part in human affairs, folklore, legend and fable. Even the Greeks had a word for them as a symbol of all wisdom.

But owls are more than enigmatic, silent-winged specters of the dark hours with the psychic eyes of the cat. They serve as one of nature's most important economic vanguards against the rodent evil of the world. Not excepting the much-maligned coyote, fox and bobcat, owls are the exterminators par excellence of the yearly hordes of vermin and insects that lay waste the crops and undo the labors of man.

There are more than 1,300 kinds of harmful rodents in North America. These pests destroy almost every kind of nonmetallic article, kill wild and domestic birds, undermine dams and foundations, ruin plumbing, set

electrical fires and attack sleeping infants. In the United States and Canada alone it is estimated that rodent damage to grain and other crops exceeds \$700,000,000 annually. These are staggering figures, but if there were no owls it is claimed by experts that farming might well come to a dead stop.

But owls are more than thankless friends of the farmer. They are by far one of nature's greatest sanitary agents in stemming the scourges of rodent-borne diseases. Take the common rat for instance, the most dangerous mammal on earth, with the exception of man. Each year rats cause the death of millions of persons throughout the world by spreading Bubonic plague, typhus, and other loathsome diseases. In Korea, rats and fleas gave our boys, in many instances, more trouble than the Gooks and Chinks. And, now that our armed forces are probably committed to Asia for some time, the possibility of disease-carrying rats

being brought on ships and planes to this continent is greater than ever.

It is true that the owls, silent killers the darkness, might filch a delinquent chicken who ought to be home in bed and might do some damage to game birds; but what animal on earth does not encroach upon the property and rights of others? Certainly not man, with a quick eye upon the sights and a trigger-happy finger at the ready. After all, to an owl a chicken is just another bird to feast upon in its God-given right to slay in order to eat, even as you and I enjoy our ration of fowl and beef. The wise-faced owl who eats his weight each night in harmful rodents is a far better friend on the wing than as a monkey-faced stuffed "ornament" on the fireplace mantle to haunt one's dreams.

ALTHOUGH rarely seen in daylight, owls are everywhere when not molested by man—even in the shadows of great cities. Long ago owls learned that men, mice, rats and gophers live together; so they came to roost in church belfries, in the trees along thoroughfares and on chimney tops, in order to feast more conveniently upon the enemies of their greatest foe, man.

Even the great horned owl is not averse to living an urban life. Recently a big bird has been roosting in a deep eucalyptus grove near my home. Sometimes a pair of blue jays or a flock of cruising crows discover

his hideout and harass their ancient enemy unmercifully. But as soon as the sun sets, the bold tormentors discreetly take their leave for a more desirable locality.

The following is an excellent example of the way owls serve man, no matter where he lives. Only two evenings ago at the tag end of dusk I saw a dark form that looked like a large cat sitting upright on the comb of my neighbor's garage. I knew it was our friend, the great horned owl of the eucalyptus grove, who often pays us a visit when he starts on his silent hunt. I sat down to wait and watch.

But I wasn't prepared for what happened. In a moment the eerie dark form, silhouetted in the deepening twilight, drifted from the building to one of the wires of the power line that run along the rear of my backyard. There the great bird remained for some time, ghostly silent and inert; then, suddenly, it dropped like a plummet to the telephone cable a good fifteen feet below. A faint squeal of terror rent the silence as the great bird rose with some small creature clutched in its talons and swept over my head with clacking beak, to vanish in the descending night.

The long, dangling tail of the prey told me it was the big-eared, gray tree rat I had been trying to capture in a trap. I had caught its mate, but the male was so wary that it had developed the habit of running along the telephone cable from a dense

grove of trees to a tall firethorn shrub where it was wont to eat the red berries. By this aerial detour it was able to cross my property and give a wide berth to the small box traps I had concealed on the ground. Smart rat; but smarter owl.

FOR all their secretive habits, owls are the most cosmopolitan of birds. Found in every part of the world, they range from the 33-inch-long great gray owl of the Hudson Bay region to the tiny elf owl, which is no larger than an English sparrow and lives in woodpecker holes in the giant saguaro cacti of Arizona.

Of the 500 different kinds of owls, some 45 distinct species inhabit North America. The most important of these, whose range includes both Canada and the United States, are the great horned owl, the snowy owl, the barred owl, the barn owl, the screech owl, the hawk owl, the short-eared owl, the saw-whet, and the burrowing and the pygmy owls.

The long-eared owl, the handsomest of our owls, rarely ventures farther north than the 40th parallel. It is of medium size, and the most distinguishing feature about this owl is its extremely long ear-tufts that give it the appearance of a wise old lynx sitting on its haunches, sagely blinking its yellow eyes.

Most species of owl are naturally friendly toward man and make excellent pets if treated with caution and kindness. I know this to be true from personal experience, as I once

championed a long-eared owl in my collection for several years. Old Mort, from mortality, was savage and wicked-wise from age when I took him from the wild for scientific purposes; but he soon became quite tame and trustworthy. His favorite perch was the rack of antlers above the fireplace at my cabin, where he would doze through the day as inert and silent as a stuffed owl. But when his name was spoken his great yellow eyes would instantly pop open, one long ear would cock up and the other downward (a startling trait of some owls), giving the bird a rather droll and attentive expression.

If I wanted Old Mort to come to me, all I needed to do was to extend one arm and the big bird would drop down and alight upon it, clacking his nib in a friendly and conversational manner. Also he had learned to obey a number of simple commands, such as "Go fetch 'em," "Come," and "Stay." After he had been with us for some time, I gave him his freedom at nights so that he could do his own hunting. Frequently he would remain away for a week at a time, but would eventually turn up at dawn to roost on the antlers.

I used to take daytime walks in the woods, with Old Mort sitting on a pole thrust through a length of garden hose I carried over my shoulder. He rarely left his perch, for two very good reasons. Not only were the large pupils of the owl's eyes not adjustable to the bright sunlight, but also he was soon har-

assed by an ever-enlarging flock of screaming avians who followed us in the treetops overhead. This gave me an opportunity to attract birds of all kinds for observation purposes.

OF THE larger species, the great gray owl, the snowy owl and the hawk owl range the farthest north, and all three species are active by day. Although not so weighty as the great horned owl, the gray "Indian" owl is the longest of our owls. Its summer home is the extreme limit of the dense forest growth of the continent, where the land is almost continual day. For this reason, its habits are diurnal and its eyes are smaller than southern owls' eyes.

Unlike its gray relative of the Arctic lands, the snowy owl does not frequent the extensive forest except in winter but lives mostly on the open tundra and barren slopes of mountains. It is a bird of the snows, and for protective reasons its feathers are nearly pure white. During the famine cycles, when the Arctic hare and snowshoe rabbit are scarce every eight to ten years, these ghostly birds range far south into the northern regions of the United States, where many are killed by hunters out of curiosity, much to the disadvantage of mankind.

The hawk owl is also a day-hunter of the circumpolar regions. It has relatively small head and eyes, long tail and slender body, which are suggestive of the hawk; hence its name. It lives mostly in the vast forests of

Canada and Alaska, where human habitations are widely scattered. But, unlike its great gray and snowy relatives, it remains in its icy and bleak habitat throughout the winter, unmindful of cold. Its hunting call is a rolling trill; and, being utterly fearless, it will attack without hesitation any man or beast who should dare to molest its nest.

The smallest of the northern owls is the dainty little saw-whet, whose love-song is a whistle-like note uttered at intervals of three seconds for several minutes at a time.

The large, round-headed barred owl is the only one that possesses black eyes. To the exclusion of other species it should rightly be named Hoot Owl, for none can ring more changes nor put more weirdness into its voice than the barred owl.

But of all the owls the big, savage, dull, miserable and sad eagle owl of Europe is the paradox of the bird kingdom. He is the winged demon of the Stygian world, with a wingspan of over six feet. No sounds are more terrible and ghostly than his *Poohoo! Poohoo!* followed by a shrill mocking laugh, fierce snakelike hisses, the spitting of a cat, and snapping of beak. These awful sounds can very well paralyze the hearts of all the small furred and feathered folk within hearing distance.

Owls! They are the mysterious enigmas of birdland but always man's best friends in keeping in check the hordes of noxious rodents, insects and loathsome diseases.

A Venture in Verse

BY RALPH M. BESSE



WITH this article I'd like to show how interesting the careful study of any good piece of literature can be. I chose a poem to study — a poem that advances a philosophy I do not accept — a poem of only four hundred lines, *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, as translated by Edward G. Fitzgerald.

Like the scientists who selected the tiny atom for study, I discovered quite soon that my subject was far more vast than its meager size might indicate.

As this poem approaches its centennial year, 1859, its philosophical facets and poetic technique are still the subject of a vast and growing literature and, I suspect, will still be when it crowns its second century.

I remember nothing of the poem from college except the remark of a kindly old English professor. I don't know why I remember his remark but this is what he said:

"Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat of Omar*

Khayyam is the most insidious poem ever written — not because it is the most evil but because it is the most beautiful."

Normally, a combination of evil and beauty prompts the immediate attention of college boys, and I suppose that's why the professor made this remark.

No doubt most of you have read one or more editions of the poem — Fitzgerald wrote five versions, one of which was published posthumously — and others have printed over six hundred editions of one or more of these versions.

Fitzgerald's poem is, of course, the work of two men widely separated by seas and centuries and continents — by culture and language and religion — and yet, as Louis Untermeyer has pointed out, they are as fabulous a team of collaborators as Gilbert and Sullivan, Rodgers and Hammerstein, or Beaumont and Fletcher.

Omar Khayyam was born around the middle of the eleventh century and lived until 1123. His life was sufficiently fascinating to justify a separate study on its own, and many have made such studies. Suffice it to say here that he was a well-trained scholar, a mathematician of sufficient note to be chosen to participate in the reform of the calendar, and a favorite of the Shah.

He was a humble man. This was evidenced when he exercised the Persian poet's prerogative of choosing a descriptive name for himself. He selected "khayyam," which means tent maker. That was his father's profession. Most poets took more glorifying names but this one suited Omar.

He was never recognized as a great poet of Persia. Emerson, in his *Seven Masters of the Persian Parnassus*, does not even mention him and even today he does not rate as a major poet in his own land.

FITZGERALD was a scholarly man. He had a Cambridge University degree and enough wealth for the modest comforts he sought. He was a close friend of Carlyle, Thackeray, and Tennyson.

Such career as he had was a writer's career. He had published several other things but none of great importance other than the *Rubaiyat*.

In 1859, he published his first translation, which he continued to revise until his death twenty-four years later.

Fitzgerald's translation gained great popularity in America before it did in England. In the aftermath of our Civil War, the poem served as an escape medium for the frustrated intellectuals suffering from the futility of conflict. Rubaiyat clubs were formed and the great and the small alike paid tribute to the beauty of a work whose philosophy was consistent with a lack of personal discipline that appealed to them.

Everyone who reads the *Rubaiyat* tends to read into it a philosophy he would be willing to accept were it not for self-discipline. It is the philosophy of immediacy and opportunism — "Eat, drink and be merry" — "I do not understand, therefore I despair." It is a philosophy quite inconsistent with the things that make it possible for us to "eat, drink and be merry." And yet it is greatly praised by people who do not believe it at all.

In any event, *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* has now become a common volume in every private library worthy of the name in both England and America.

THE poetry of Omar's day was not written. It was memorized by the scholars and passed by word of mouth from one learned person to another. In these repetitions, variations were inevitable, especially when it was decades or even centuries before the somewhat hazy originals were reduced to writing.

Fitzgerald's translations were translations only in the broad sense of the term. He adopted Omar's favorite subjects, which were wine, women, song, nightingales and roses. But he wrote his own philosophy of life, which was one of religious and personal futility. He used Omar's quatrains to suggest the ideas for his own, but there the translation ends and the peculiar genius of Fitzgerald takes over. He classifies, adds, subtracts, and emphasizes to suit his own philosophy.

Charles Eliot Norton once wrote that Fitzgerald was called a translator only in default of a better word and that the poem was a "poetic transfusion of a poetic spirit."

Fitzgerald justified this free translation with the remark, "Better a live sparrow than a dead eagle." In another work entitled *Polonius*, Fitzgerald asked, "What is genius but the faculty of seizing things from right and left — here a bit of marble, there a bit of brass — and breathing life into them?"

Omar's belief in God was eliminated by Fitzgerald, as was Omar's recognition of the value of friendship. The Omar philosophy of doubtful inquiry was crystallized into a powerful repetition of scornful disbelief in anything purposeful.

IN PASSING we ought to note that neither Omar nor Fitzgerald spoke of wine, women and song with

a vulgar overtone. In Omar's case this is a matter especially worthy of praise because it was not typical of the Persian writing of his time which was filled with licentious anecdotes.

Figures of speech are one of the things that make Fitzgerald's writing attractive. This is well illustrated by his first quatrain in his First Edition. It reads:

*"Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars
to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light."*

This four-line stanza contains six different figures of speech, including one within another. *Morning* is, of course, a personification. *Bowl of Night*, *Hunter of the East*, and *Noose of Light* are common but graphic metaphors. The next figure of speech, *Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight*, is an interesting one. It refers to the ancient Arabic practice of breaking camp by throwing stones into the cup from which the riders have been drinking. Thus, the figure of speech used in the poem contains the additional figure of putting the stars to flight.

Many, many hours passed happily for me with the reading, studying and comparing of the numerous translations of the *Rubaiyat*, and yet I feel that I have only scratched the surface. Like Fitzgerald himself, I could spend years with them.

I PROFITED



FROM WAR

By Josh M. Drake, Jr.

DURING every war, millions must suffer and sacrifice while a few profit. I am one American who has profited from war.

I know from bitter experience that war is terrible. During World War II, while serving as an infantry lieutenant, I was hit by an enemy shell and lost my left arm and two fingers from my right hand. For a short while I felt that I had made a great sacrifice, but after wearing a steel hook for nine years, I know now that I gained much more than I lost while serving my country.

Many who read the above statement will think that I am trying to be dramatic or that I am trying to hold the reader's interest by shocking him, but I have never made a more sincere statement.

In order to explain how I profited from war I must tell some things about my early life. I was the oldest son of middle-class Oklahoma parents of Anglo-Saxon descent. We were Protestants and belonged to the Democratic Party. All our close friends were middle-class, Protestants, and of Anglo-Saxon descent.

We felt that we were the only true Americans. People with long names that were hard to pronounce were labeled as foreigners by our crowd, even if they were native-born citizens and their parents, too, had been born in America.

Racial, religious, and class prejudices had been pounded into me from the time I was old enough to talk. A Spanish-speaking American was known as a "Peppergut" and was not to be trusted, because I had heard my grandfather say hundreds of times that a Mex would steal from his grandmother and would cut his grandfather's throat for a dime. All our relatives and friends agreed that a Jew loved a dollar more than he loved anything on earth and would lie, cheat, and steal to make a profit. We tolerated the Negroes who worked for us, and we were fond of them as we were fond of our pets. But all the folks we associated with agreed that a Nigger was a good worker only as long as you kept him in line and made him fear you. He would not give you a decent day's work if you treated him decently.

We all said the Indians were lazy and that the Redskins would all starve to death if the Government didn't take care of them. We all felt that the Catholics were trying to rule the world and that they were more loyal to Rome than they were to America. We actually feared that if the Catholics ever took over the country, people belonging to Protestant churches would be thrown in prison or even put to death.

We regarded the very poor with contempt, even if they had names that were easy to spell. They were lazy, shiftless Poor White Trash who were a disgrace to their race. We hated the very rich because we were convinced that they were trying to crowd out our great middle class. While growing up, I heard countless statements similar to this: "Those filthy millionaires will never be satisfied until there are only two classes, the very rich and the very poor."

We called Americans of German descent Squareheads or Krauteaters. They were not to be trusted, because everybody knew that they were still loyal to Kaiser Bill and hoped for the day he would regain his power and conquer the world. All Swedes, Chinks, Wops, Bohemians and Frogs had come to America for the sole purpose of making a pile of money and then going back to the old country to spend it.

By the time I was old enough to vote I was a full-fledged member of the snobbiest bunch of snobs in the state of Oklahoma.

WHEN the war came along, I enlisted to defend my country, and was surprised to find that Catholics, Chinks, Jews, Squareheads, Wops, Pepperguts, Negroes, Poor White Trash, Damyankees, and Republicans were also enlisting for the same purpose. And I was even more surprised to find that they appeared to be just as fiercely loyal as myself. It made me angry to hear them speak of America as "our country," as if it belonged as much to them as it did to me.

Thinking that I would get away from the riff-raff, I applied for Officer Candidate School. However, in O.C.S. there were Negroes, Jews, Catholics, Wops and Squareheads. Racial prejudice was not tolerated in O.C.S.; so I hid my true feelings to keep from being busted out.

After a few weeks I found that guys with names like Leapensburger, Silverstein, Ignowski and Padula were just as intelligent as I. In fact, most of those foreigners made better grades than I did. I also found that they could do thirty miles a day — and do it with a full field pack — and fire expertly on the rifle range. Physically and mentally, those fellows were just as good as I was, and better in most cases.

I was forced to respect those foreigners and found myself wanting to like them, but a lifetime of prejudice kept holding me back.

After graduating from Officer Candidate School, I was sent to the South Pacific as a replacement. The

regiment to which I was assigned was resting after one campaign and getting ready for another; so I had several months to get acquainted with my platoon. I was disappointed with the platoon assigned to me. I had a hard time pronouncing many of the names. Such a bunch of characters! Klowitter, Inancsi, Papacostis, Flores, Poletto, Polence, and several others. Just by the names I knew they were a bunch of foreigners and radicals. There were hillbillies who could not read. The aid man was a Mex from southern Texas. The platoon runner was a Cherokee Indian. One rifle man was an educated Jew with a Ph.D. One sergeant was a big Squarehead from Wisconsin. Another was a Wop from New Jersey; another was a big Greek from New York. The platoon was made up of soldiers from all parts of America, from every walk of life, from almost every race and creed. The Army required that I treat every man alike; so I decided to do the best I could to win the war with the bunch of riff-raff that had fallen into my hands.

NO MATTER how complete your early training has been to dislike and distrust a man because of the color of his skin, his religion, or his background, there comes a time when you begin to have a few doubts about this super-race bunk, especially after you have lived, worked, and fought with a bunch of guys for a few months.

I was surprised to find that all Wops and Jews were not yellow. I also found that all Swedes and Squareheads were not dumb. Also, I found that all Redskins were not shiftless and lazy. Little by little, I learned to respect and like those men, and suddenly one morning I realized that I loved every one of the forty men in that platoon like a son. And it was evident that they liked me. I was only twenty-seven years old at the time and many of them were older than I. But everyone called me the Old Man. They trusted me and believed that I was fair and just, free from anything so silly and petty as prejudice. They would go out of their way to make me look good when prowling high brass happened around. Often I would lie in my foxhole at night and tell myself that I did not deserve the respect and loyalty of such a wonderful bunch of boys. I would often wonder what they would have thought if they had known that only a short time before I had been one of the snobbiest of all the snobs in America.

There was a little Jewish boy in my platoon who was a regular clown. He was the kind of fellow who kept up the spirits of the whole outfit. When the going was tough and it seemed that everybody was too tired to go another mile, he would come up with some witty remark and we would all feel better after a hearty laugh. And when the chips were down, he could fight as well as

he could clown. He volunteered for every patrol, and on one occasion held off a whole Jap platoon with an automatic rifle while we evacuated some wounded men.

We had another fellow in the platoon who had never been to school. He was definitely Poor White Trash, but I learned to respect and love him. He would fight like a tiger when he was in combat and was a natural born leader. Every time he went into combat he was promoted to sergeant; and every time we took a rest he would go A.W.O.L. and would get busted.

After I was wounded and evacuated a hundred miles up the Island of Luzon from our outfit, this boy from the other side of the tracks came to see me. The boy found me in a tent hospital. I had been hit in twenty-two places; my arm had been amputated; and it looked as if I was about done for. He stood there fighting back the tears.

"I just wanted to see how you was getting along," he said. "I just wanted to tell you that I appreciate your being so square with me. I used to figure that the whole world was against me till I got in your outfit. You are looking right well. Reckon you'll be taking off for the States in no time at all. The Doc told me not to stay but a minute, so thanks again for everything. Be seeing you."

I HAVE been wearing a steel hook for nine years but I don't feel that I am handicapped. I make a

fairly decent living for my wife and daughter. I'll admit that it takes me longer to tie my shoes or type a letter than it once did. However, I am not nearly as handicapped as I was before I enlisted in the Army and had the good fortune to serve with and really get to know fellows from all over this wonderful country.

The war was terrible, but one good thing came out of the war. Millions of men learned to like and respect their fellow Americans regardless of race, religion, and social background. It has taught us to work together for the benefit of all Americans, the rights of everyone. It has taught me to judge a man for what he is and not who he is.

After the war, we banded together in veterans' organizations to help whip these silly prejudices. Because of what we learned in the service we are helping to make America a better place in which to live and rear our children.

Again I say that I am one of the few who profited from war, not in dollars and cents but in ways too priceless to be bought with money. Certainly I would rather wear this steel hook for the rest of my life and have love in my heart for my fellow man than to have drifted on through life being a snob, disliking and distrusting everyone who didn't fit in my own little group, and later teaching my children to be just as narrow-minded, wicked and snobbish.

Yes, I learned a lot from that platoon of "riff-raff."



Forbidden Sin Fascinates Youth

SO FATHER TAUGHT US TO DRINK
— CORRECTLY

By Lydia Coleman

MY FATHER believes, for which I am thankful, that the best way to cope with the temptations of youth is to meet them openly in a well-lighted living room, among friends. There may be holes in this kind of philosophy, but you'll never be able to convince him, or me.

Among the temptations, often called "sins of youth," that Father brought out into the open were pre-marital sex, narcotics, drinking, and smoking. We learned all about each of these as we grew to the age where we began to wonder, and, left to our own devices, would have experimented. Because Father discussed each subject so honestly and so openly with not only just us but our curious friends as well, we came to consider him an authority on subjects that most children would hesitate even mentioning to their parents.

Just how wide was Father's fame as a counselor I never realized until the day I answered the doorbell to find a small neighbor boy. "My mother," he piped, "sent me over to have Mr. Coleman tell me how our cat had kittens."

Even today, Father's frank discussions might be called too progressive, but not unrealistic. Gradually, parents are coming around to the understanding that they can't shelter their children from life forever.

While Father frankly admitted that he did not approve of our drinking, he also admitted that it was something that every boy and girl would encounter sooner or later, and it was best to be prepared with the facts. It is very important, Father told us, that everyone, and every girl in particular, know the effect alcohol has upon the human

body. Each of us who sat in on that Saturday afternoon discussion (some only with the permission of their parents) have since found at least one opportunity to be glad they listened to Father that day.

Father had been a traveling man during Prohibition. He had seen what prohibiting alcoholic beverages had done to the country. He had seen people risk their health and even their lives for the thrill of forbidden fruit, and he vowed then that no child within his influence would ever reach such degradation.

Dwight Anderson, in his book *The Other Side of the Bottle*, tells his own story of his recovery from a seemingly incurable form of alcoholism. His family background was the kind that Father saw all around him. The results were the same. "Alcohol was dramatized in our house. Father never took a drop and Mother was an ardent member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. When she happened to go to a party where wine was served she would say of her hosts, 'I shall never darken their doors again.' Many a time I have seen her peeping through the lace curtains of the parlor window with opera glasses at her eyes — trying to see what our local caterer's wagon was delivering to the neighbors. If she discovered liquor, she cut the neighbor from her calling list. From my earliest days drinking had the fascination of a forbidden sin."

IN OUR OWN town we knew the minister's son as the town rough-neck. We had "oh'd" when the children of the most law-abiding, strict parents turned to crime. We had seen what we believed to be the saintliest of daughters, sheltered from boys and dates, make the headlines with illicit love.

There may have been many reasons for this, but to Father it was, as Mr. Anderson puts it, "the fascination of a forbidden sin." If we were not forbidden, if we knew the facts — biological, physiological, psychological and sociological — about alcohol, Father reasoned, we would be able to handle ourselves properly under any circumstances. We had good judgment enough, he believed, to be able to do that. He had faith in us, faith in the example he set and the training he had given us. We knew this and his faith was justified. I would not hesitate to say that the total of alcoholic beverages consumed in the last fifteen years by the eight young men and women who sat with Father that day would not equal what some more foolish people consume in a few hours.

It was not a lecture Father gave us, but he told us facts. He must have spent long hours in a library preparing himself, for he knew all the answers and gave them to us without reservation. He spilled forth statistics of men and money that impressed us, but not nearly as much as the effect that alcohol has

on the brain and nervous system. He didn't leave a doubt in our minds that alcohol is a poison, yet he never once told us we must not touch it.

He told us frankly that light wines may add delectability to a dinner and are less likely than whisky to be injurious as their alcoholic content is low. We asked about beer and he answered that it is the mildest alcoholic drink. We learned that it is a bad practice to drink on an empty stomach, to mix drinks, or to drink alone.

He did not dodge our questions of the effects of liquor upon desire. He explained that rather than a stimulant, alcohol is an anesthetic accompanied by a loss of self-control and inhibitions.

Under Father's guiding hand we sipped the sting of brandy and found it hard to take. No doubt pleased with our general displeasure, Father showed us how we could enjoy an evening even at company with tippling people, by holding a half-filled glass and little more than inhaling its vapors, if we did not care to drink.

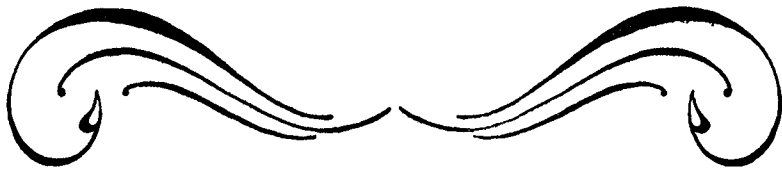
When the afternoon was over, someone quoted from Shakespeare's *Othello* and just about summed up everyone's conclusions: "Oh God! That men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should, with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts."

DANGEROUS to actually introduce young people to liquor? Perhaps, but I believe it is far less dangerous to have them experiment, as they inevitably will, in their own homes with those who would guide them well, rather than those who would encourage them for malicious intent. The California State Board of Education, after a year-long controversy, has come around to this point of view. They have adopted a new manual telling California's public-school teachers what they should teach students about drinking. The manual, titled "Alcohol — the Study of a Current Problem," is not propaganda on either side of the question. Author Jesse F. Williams says that "to expect total abstinence by every one is unrealistic in a nation where 65,000,000 grownups drink at least a little."

Father recognized this, fortunately, in time to guide us and our companions along the proper path. His method was effective. Given a choice, I always answer no, as liquor holds no fascination for me.

But most importantly, I believe, Father's guidance gave us the ability to face any situation that life may present, without ignorance, without fear. One thing for sure: no one would ever be able to take advantage of his daughters through his default, and the same will be true of mine.





Letter from Prague

BY GEORGE L. ATWOOD

IN WRITING anything of our life and experiences in Czechoslovakia, I'd like first of all to make it very clear that life as it exists for those of us in the Western diplomatic group is very different and far superior to what it is for the great majority of (non-Communist) Czechs. Except for the constant and at times irritating harassment of Western diplomats by the Czechs in power, we live a fairly comfortable and certainly an extremely interesting life. We see little of the Eastern diplomats — Russian, Polish, and so forth — except at occasional state functions, and then only very casually; and very few Czechs in an official capacity. To associate with Americans or other “Westerners” is dangerous for the average Czech, since it subjects him to immediate suspicion and possible arrest; those who work at the American Embassy or as domestics for the Western colony do so at their own risk.

The situation being what it is, the Western diplomatic block, which is some two hundred to two hundred and fifty strong, finds that it is more or less forced into the position of being a very compact and tightly knit group. Official and social gatherings, of which there are many, are for the most part managed on a self-contained basis. We find ourselves entertaining, and in turn being entertained by, ambassadors and ministers from the many countries of Europe, the Middle East, South America, and Canada. One advantage enjoyed by members of the Western block is the ability to visit Vienna or the cities of Germany, Switzerland, and France for a change of scene and to shop for the many basic necessities, including food and clothing, that are either not available in present day Czechoslovakia or are far too expensive locally. These breaks also serve to remind us of the calamity that has befallen

what was believed by many to have been one of the most progressive and Westernized states of central Europe. After a time, one becomes so accustomed to the present situation in Czechoslovakia that he tends to forget what a normal existence is like, unless he gets out of the country regularly for a breath of fresh air and an opportunity to compare a free versus a police state.

Although we see little of the Eastern diplomats, their lives seem to be on a relatively comfortable scale. That of the top Czech government officials, all presumably dyed-in-the-wool Communists, is also good. As in any police state, those in the upper brackets live very well in a physical sense. Mentally, however, their lives must be far from pleasant, otherwise they would not resort to the precaution of having armed guards always in their company, nor would they feel it necessary to travel in specially built bullet-proof cars, with an additional carload or two of armed gunmen following in close support.

SINCE their liberation from the Austrian Empire in 1918 and their membership in the League of Nations, the average Czech has looked to America as his benefactor and very good friend. That attitude was enhanced and strengthened when our armed forces assisted in the liberation of Czechoslovakia from the Germans at the close of World War II in Europe; and the

great bulk of the Czech nation still look to the United States as their only possible salvation from a situation that is bad indeed, and is continually getting worse. They are restricted in their thinking, in their speech, in their actions, and in their very way of life. To the average Czech there is only one possible answer: freedom by America and the West. Their faith in us is amazing. They believe implicitly and almost to a man that we in the States will somehow effect their liberation, and they continue to live, or exist, with that one great hope in mind.

One of the many unfounded rumors you hear continually repeated by the man in the street was a recent one to the effect that there would be an invasion by a large force of American planes which would spray population centers throughout Czechoslovakia with some form of harmless anesthesia. This would put all inhabitants to sleep for a matter of some forty-eight hours, and when they awakened, the Western military forces would have moved in and taken over, and they would be a free nation again. We have heard on good authority that some people believed the story to such an extent that they actually had their bags packed and were waiting for the day of liberation to arrive. To a rational person, such a story sounds unrealistic and absurd, but these people must have something to cling to, and for a great many, their possible liberation

is the only bright spot on an otherwise dark and gloomy horizon.

There is no doubt but what Russia is the dominating force in Czechoslovakia today. The entire economic and industrial potential is geared to and closely controlled by the Russian time schedule. As a result, all basic necessities are rationed, or are available through the so-called "free" markets, where no ration tickets are required but where prices are so high that they are beyond the reach of the average worker. Food, clothing, coal, electricity, and most of the other basic requirements are rationed. And the fundamental reason? In order that Czechoslovakia may produce industrial and war goods for its great friend and liberator — Russia.

Whereas the Czechs are urged continually by the authorities to produce such goods in ever increasing quantities, common everyday consumer goods such as medicines, safety pins, razors, and cooking utensils are just not available or are in such short supply that they are gone in a few hours when the limited quantity is put on the market. The result is that the worker sees less and less for his efforts. Even if he earns (and receives) more pay for exceeding his normal quota, there is little he can spend his money for except perhaps a poor meal at very high prices, or extra food or clothing at prohibitive prices on the so-called "free" market. By making hard-to-get goods available without ration

tickets at very high prices on the "free" markets, authorities provide a means of draining off what little excess capital may exist.

A COMMON story that illustrates how the average Czech feels about the Russian domination has Moscow criticizing a Czech official because the Czechoslovakians are not taking to Communism as fast as the Russians. To this accusation the Czech official replies that the facts as stated are correct, but are explainable by the fact that in Russia the Communists are endeavoring to make people out of swine, whereas in Czechoslovakia they are trying to make swine out of people.

We understand that there is considerable foundation for this stand by the Czechs, because they had far more to begin with than Russia or any of her satellites. That plus the fact that they were the last to come under the Communist yoke results in the material situation in Czechoslovakia actually being better than that which exists in the other satellites. As things are going, however, it is only a matter of time before the Czechs too are dragged down to a standard of living equal in misery to their neighbors'.

Little wonder then that they are continually endeavoring to figure some way to get out and away from this glorified prison. And they still manage to do so, in spite of all the precautions taken by the Communists in the form of electrified barbed

wire along the entire Czech-U.S. Zone of German frontier, mines, armed border guards with dogs, and so forth. That people are still willing to take the risk shows full well how unattractive life must be in Czechoslovakia for the Czechoslovaks. And all the precautions on the part of the Commie bosses show the extremes to which they must go to keep the Czechs in Czechoslovakia.

IT HAS all been a valuable experience for us, and something that would be good for all Americans to see and experience, especially those who may have any leaning toward Communism. To understand it, one has to live with it, and how anyone who has been exposed to it at first hand can truthfully say that it is the better system is beyond understanding.

Any state that will confiscate all your property and possessions and give you nothing in return; that penalizes those with knowledge, and puts a premium on ignorance; that ridicules decency; lies to its citizens and even worse to its children; and curbs all initiative and desire for real knowledge and truth, is gradually digging its own grave. And the general feeling in Czechoslovakia today is not unlike that of a cemetery. What a sharp contrast to the Prague that once had the reputation of being one of the most pleasant and cultured cities of Europe!

Prague is still one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. But even

the beauties of Prague are showing the results of Communism — for theirs is a leech-like policy. They extract everything possible; bleed a nation of its very heart and soul; and put back not one single thing of goodness or beauty in return. Very little is spent today toward beautifying the city or even maintaining it unless the expenditures further the aims of Communism. However, there seems to be plenty of money for Red posters, Communist banners, and the Army, as well as for innumerable pictures of Malenkov and Zapotcky, the new president.

The extent to which the Czech Commies have bowed to the Russians is well illustrated by the fact that the Red Russian banner and sickle flag is everywhere displayed in equal prominence with the Czech flag. During a recent Russian holiday, the Commies called at our apartment to ask if they could hang Russian and Czech flags from our centrally located downtown apartment. Mrs. Atwood advised them on the spot and in no uncertain terms that while we had no objection to the Czech flag, under no circumstances would we permit the Russian flag to be flown.

It is not believed that such a system was meant to, nor can, exist for long. After two years here, it is our sincere hope that we will see the day when Czechoslovakia and the other satellites are freed from the creeping, smothering influence of their Russian masters.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

Scoops the Press

BY FRANCELIA BUTLER

"That, sir, is a matter of too great importance to discuss in a five-minute interview now rapidly drawing to its close."

— PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO A REPORTER

IN 1917, most of the American public learned through the press for the first time that, over two decades earlier, President Cleveland had been successfully operated on for mouth cancer during his second term in the White House — successfully, because Cleveland lived for fifteen years afterward and died from another ailment.

The summer of 1893 was unusually hot and sticky, even for the Capital (or as loyal Washingtonians preferred to describe it, the weather was "tropical"). Because of the attempt to keep silver on a parity with gold, in accordance with the Sherman Act, the country was suffering a severe financial depression. Harassed by job seekers and news articles criticizing his handling of the economic situation, President Cleveland had moved out to his summer home, "Woodley," only a short drive by carriage from the White House.

It was clear, even to his enemies,

that the President was indisposed. His usually ruddy face was sallow; his cheeks sagged; and his vigorous activities had dwindled during days of extreme weariness. He would sit listlessly at the oval windows in Woodley's left wing and look out past the mulberry trees over the sloping golden meadow to its edges where Virginia creeper and honeysuckle tied the tall grass to the wild cherry trees beyond. No one had ever called the President "lazy," but in view of the national crisis, his lethargy was astounding.

Every day brought the nation closer to panic as the realization spread that the government was failing in its effort to maintain silver on a parity with gold. Factories began closing; farmers were starving; and Wall Street activity slowed almost to a halt — at steadily falling prices. It was, therefore, a tense and jittery country that greeted the President's dramatic announcement on July first that "an extraordinary occa-

sion" necessitated the convening of a special session of Congress on August seventh.

THE entire front pages of the leading newspapers of the country were given over to the news, but not a single reporter guessed that at the very moment when the papers hit the streets, the President was lying on an operating table on a yacht anchored in an obscure inlet in Long Island Sound, and that surgeons were removing most of his left upper jaw and part of the roof of his mouth.

So far as reporters knew, the President was on another one of his fishing trips up near his cottage, "Gray Gables," on Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts. The President had traveled a total of 50,000 miles on past fishing excursions with his old crony, Colonel Benedict, owner of the yacht *Oneida*. Those who bothered to inquire what the President did on July first were told that Cleveland made a record catch of seven weakfish that day and spent the evening playing cribbage.

The press was much too busy to be interested in the President's fishing expedition. Of course, the newsmen would all be on hand the seventh of August when the President was to address the joint Houses of Congress, and he had better be fluent, what with Congress feeling the way they did about him, if his oratory were to result in the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause in

the Sherman Act. His vocal opponent was one of the greatest orators in history, young silver-tongued and silver-minded William Jennings Bryan.

Early in the year, Cleveland had noticed a rough spot on the roof of his mouth. At first, he attributed it to an upset stomach, but it did not clear up and after a few months, it ulcerated. Dr. R. M. O'Reilly, medical attendant to government officials, then examined the condition and found an ulcer the size of a quarter starting with the molar teeth and encroaching upon the soft palate. Four pathologists, including the noted Welch of Johns Hopkins, examined the growth and believed it to be malignant.

As Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, professor of anatomy and later professor of surgery at Bellevue, was a close friend of the President's, he made an examination. Bryant advised immediate operation. But with the country in its precarious financial situation in which future economic security might well depend on the President's strength, or apparent strength, to surmount the crisis, all concerned deemed it essential for the public welfare that Cleveland's true condition remain a secret.

In order to maintain this secrecy, preparations for the operation were made on the yacht *Oneida*, anchored off the Battery landing in New York Harbor. The saloon of the yacht was converted into an

operating room, with a chair leaning against the 'tween decks section of a mast to serve as a reclining operating table. Beside it was a stand with basins, pitchers for hot water, gauze pads, and a galvanocautery. The President came on board the evening of June 30th, and the vessel cast off, proceeding at half-speed down Long Island Sound and anchoring in a little inlet, where the operation was performed the following morning.

Ferdinand Hasbrouck, a well-known New York dentist, administered nitrous oxide anaesthesia and removed the two left upper bicuspid teeth. Doctor Bryant then took over, assisted by the able young Dr. John F. Erdmann of New York and Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, who kept a record of the case. É. G. Janeway, noted pathologist at the Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, kept close watch of the President's pulse and general condition. For the operation itself, Doctor O'Reilly administered ether.

The greater portion of the left upper jaw was removed, from the first bicuspid tooth to just beyond the last molar and nearly up to the middle line, and a small part of the soft palate was trimmed away. This extensive procedure was necessary because the doctors found that the hollow space in the upper jaw was partially filled with the malignant growth. Although the President lost considerable blood, no blood transfusion could be given as

the technique for giving transfusions successfully was not to be understood for another two decades.

AFTER the operation, the vessel proceeded slowly toward the President's cottage on Buzzards Bay, arriving there in the evening of July fifth. In the meantime, Mrs. Cleveland, who was at Gray Gables awaiting her husband's arrival, contented reporters by telling them that fog had delayed the arrival of the vessel and that she had understood all along that the trip would be a slow one. Even if a fishing trip wasn't news, Grover Cleveland was the President, and watching his every move was newspaper routine. A fine time the President had taken for a fishing trip when the country was in such a state!

When the *Oneida* finally arrived at Gray Gables, the President, in blue sack suit and black derby, walked weakly ashore, assisted by two unidentified men. Occasionally he raised his hat and smiled faintly at observers, but for the most part, he kept his eyes fixed on the six gables and mossy, unpainted shingles of his cottage. Mrs. Cleveland explained to reporters that the President's apparent weakness was due to a severe attack of rheumatism. He had really enjoyed "fine sport" with his fishing.

In a letter to the editor of the New York *Tribune*, a correspondent admired the President's fortitude in carrying on despite his rheumatism,

writing, "While others lull in slippered convalescence . . . he tramples precedent and doctrine to go in search of bluefish. . . . Nothing ever struck him but the lightning, and that he seized and bade it strike again." Some papers urged that he not be criticized for taking a vacation. Tough as he was, the seventh of August would be a big ordeal. In the meantime, the New York dentist, Kasson C. Gibson, fitted the President with a vulcanized rubber jaw.

On August fourth, the President left Gray Gables to return to Washington. In Washington, he returned to Woodley. Congressmen who desired to see him found him seated again at the rear windows of the left wing with the shades drawn "to keep out the hot August sun," so that he was almost invisible to his visitors.

Promptly at noon on August seventh, the President appeared before both Houses of Congress to make his historic speech. He spoke well and forcefully. Concerning the economic situation, he told Congress, "To say that apprehension is groundless is useless. The mere existence of apprehension is a menace." Neither Congress nor the newsmen up in the Gallery guessed that the President's belief in the psychological danger of fear and apprehension was indicated equally in his public and in his pri-

vate life, and that the "drastic remedy" which he proposed, the removal of the cause of the depression, applied to the country as it had to his own body.

AT THE END of that month, an enterprising reporter named Holland, on the *Philadelphia Press*, ferreted out the true story, but it was belied by the President's apparent health and the emphatic statement by Dr. Bryant that the President had no cancer of any kind — which was indeed true, because it had been removed. The President's appearance before Congress had discredited any talk of serious illness.

Two months after his operation, three bald-headed men appeared in a box at the National Theater in Washington to witness a performance of Charles Froman's "naughty" comedy, "The Other Man." On the left in the box was Secretary of War Lamont in a tuxedo and white satin brocade waistcoat; on the right was the President's friend, the eminent surgeon, Joseph Bryant, "in a New York suit which always gives one an air of distinction in Washington"; and in the middle was President Grover Cleveland, whom the society reporters described as wearing a new frock coat with a large white rose in his buttonhole — and an even bigger "twinkle" in his eye.

WOMEN —

Man Your Stations



BY JESSICA WYATT PAYNE

SHOULD women become a party to, and therefore responsible for, political action? There is no middle ground in this question. We must either *get in* or *get out*. Before any decision is reached, we should survey the situation as it is and project our thinking into the realm of what it could and should be. All history shows that the game of power politics, which shuffles boundaries, populations, economics and philosophies into ever-recurring “emergencies,” is a man’s game. Women have not even been allowed to kibitz, much less advise. Although every fiber of my mother-teacher heart tempts me to start an exodus from the present chaotic, unstable, tax-ridden world, back to the peaceful serenity and security of an old-fashioned American home, I am stopped in my tracks by the realization that there is *no such home to go back to*.

The reasons for this American tragedy are finally becoming known because of the patriotism and loyalty of those who dared to be smeared while uncovering the Communist plot and the traitors. But we had

almost reached the point of no return before our good, gullible Americans would believe that the Communist-Socialist plan to overthrow this free republic even existed, much less had already infiltrated into every institution — government, schools, churches, unions, and clubs. In my opinion, women have no alternative now, except to fight with their men to retrieve, revive and reinstate the basic concepts and precepts of constitutional government which made America great and free. My greatest concern therefore is not women in politics but, what *kind* of women in politics; and this important difference needs immediate attention if we are to contribute the necessary “git and gumption.”

From a long, wide, and varied experience in practical politics and from personal work and observation in every state, I am convinced that the following precepts and examples offer the *only* solution to the many problems confronting confused Americans today. The better element of women must come to the aid of their country. I do not mean

women of any particular class, creed, or color, but rather those fine women in all walks of life — many times unheard of and unsung — who daily stand for principle, honesty, and justice in all things. They may or may not be members of community clubs or organizations. I am speaking, particularly, to millions of church women of all faiths who seem to have forgotten — as have the men — that the *act* of joining any organization, union, or even their church is secondary to the *fact* that they are *free* to join it! If we love our churches, we must devote some time to the preservation of the Constitution and the Government which make it possible to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences. The Communist-Socialist attacks on every American institution make it imperative that every good American find his proper place in politics in his own community, and stay on guard. This is practical citizenship and we cannot save this Republic without it — or *you!*

BECAUSE Americans forgot that the price of freedom is vigilance, we are caught in a maze of confusion, commitments, red tape, purges, threats of war, synthetic peace, A-bombs, H-bombs, and impossible taxation. We are without hope in the future for opportunities to receive and experience the benefits of the basic elements of American success; namely, creative initiative

and firm reward for work well done.

In my travels over the country, lecturing and checking the infiltration and indoctrination of the Communist philosophy, many people ask: "What can we do in our own town?" First, we can never clean up politics from the top. The most important contribution you can make to the security of your home and country can be made in your own precinct or ward. How? Become a member of your local county committee or political governing body and/or serve as an election officer. If these important committees, which select the candidates and make policy, were staffed with the better element, we would assure — with one stroke — good government from the smallest village to Capitol Hill. This would also solve the ever increasing problem of persuading the right type of men and women to run for office and result in better candidates, better government and better citizens. The connotation of the word, "politics," would change from its present all-time low to the high status of good government in principle and practice.

Most women are very busy these days, but I think sometimes we do not put first things first. Most clubs and organizations have excellent programs for civic betterment. However, I believe there are too many clubs, too much duplication of effort, and that proper planning and consolidation could accomplish

much more, in less time, thus leaving members more time for home, family and friends. We are over-organized to the point of mental and physical exhaustion and most of our work is directed toward the cures instead of the cause. Frankly, most of the evils we seek to correct can be traced directly or indirectly to politics, by and for the wrong people. If we would give time, thought and action to this phase of our community and national life, we would bring health and prosperity to every endeavor which is needed and worthwhile, and the others would die from malnutrition.

TOO MANY people think they cannot give time to this necessary work, but even more actually do not know *how* or where to work, and they ease their consciences with the fallacious thought that their Senators or Congressmen will tend to everything. The men — and the pitifully few women — on the Hill in Washington and in the state legislatures are busy people. They could not, should not, and will not accept our responsibility.

Because every home has been affected by too much government and too little patriotism, I believe that leadership, plus a rational approach to the problems before us, is needed.

The following practical approach should prove helpful:

1. *Form active study groups* within

the framework of existing clubs (political and non-political). Study trends and issues between elections. Remember that individual views and opinions crystallize into trends, and trends into platforms, and platforms into the balance of power on election day.

2. *Study the ways and means.* Learn the tricks of the trade in local, state and national politics. Know what is going on, and why. Learn the laws that correct illegal voting and other irregularities. Learn the mechanics of politics in action in the three branches of government and the legislative procedures in both houses of Congress and in your own state.

3. *Learn to serve your party.* Learn what your party stands for, its principles, practices, objectives and history. To offer one's services in any capacity without the necessary knowledge which makes that service effective may be patriotic in spirit, but very detrimental to the cause you champion. Perhaps you do not intend to serve at the polls or elsewhere, but that does not preclude the wisdom of knowing politics. Your name may not show on the ballot, but your intelligent choice (or lack of it) will be reflected in your home, community, and your country.

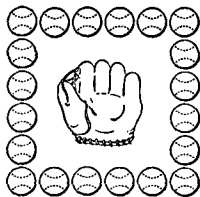
4. *Learn how to evaluate issues, candidates and platforms* on the basis of past performance, rationality of statements or promises, and particularly on what each of these — when activated and implemented — will mean to the over-all good. If you would contribute the utmost to your family, your husband's work-

opportunity, your schools, government, and church, learn to be a responsive and responsible citizen. Then make that citizenship effective by personal and co-operative participation in political affairs. You may be sure that the reasons and excuses usually given for staying away from the polls will vanish like the mist when women are really informed. The whole picture will change and millions of "stay at home" votes will go places and do things.

BELIEVE ME, I am not advocating soapbox speeches or a female barnstorming tour. I am anxious that women, quietly, efficiently and persistently, take up the challenge of the hour and learn the things we need to know to preserve our American heritage. We shall thus keep the pattern of liberty clear and functioning for a better world. To do this we cannot afford to deal in personalities, destructive criticism, or "trial and error" experiments with unknown formulas. American women know the tested recipes which made and kept us a nation; and as we join hands and hearts in the battle for freedom, let us be realistic and face facts.

Every mother wants to rear her family in an atmosphere of love, security and peace, in a home which breathes the free air of American liberty; but there is work to do before that is possible. How much do we really want this priceless heritage? We can have it when we demand that our government return

to the principles of constitutional government which created it in the first place; we can have it when we stop playing the role of "international sap" and set up American housekeeping again; we can have it when we start minding our own business, get out of the United Nations, and stop fighting wars all over the earth for *old* European hatreds and *new* Asiatic excuses; we can have it when we stop accommodating the Communists by spending and taxing ourselves out of existence; we can have it when we return to sound money, take home all the pay we earn, pay our own taxes and dues according to our own heads, hearts and pocketbooks; we can have it when we stop the devastating, dishonest deception of hidden taxes, and demand an honest day's work; we can have it when we demand that the schools teach respect for and allegiance to the American concept of government. All of these things must be done, and they will bring us a real security which can be passed on to our children without penalties or fears. Women are not guilty of the sin of commission in the American tragedy, but we are guilty of the sin of omission. We *allowed* it to happen and therefore our work is cut out for us. Obviously, then, the sooner women get *into* politics in a practical way, the sooner we can get *out*. Until that happy day, the clarion call must be — "Women, man your stations!"



Year of the GOAT FANCIERS

By HARRY THOMPSON

THROUGHOUT the years, the parade of baseball stars in World Series competition has produced each year at least one character qualifying as an impersonator of *Capra*, family name of Bovidae. In case you've forgotten, it adds up to a four-letter word spelled G-O-A-T. Annually, after the Series, there is a mythical coronation and the hollow horns are fitted to a head. This crowning gives the Hot Stove Leaguers a cud to chew from Series end to spring training. It's been a custom since 1912 (at least) when a member of the New York Giants committed what became known as "an eighty-thousand-dollar error."

But for lovers of the genus *Capra* there never was a Series like the last one. Just about every man on both teams qualified for the horns. And then to the utter bewilderment of the whole baseball world, Charles "Chuck" Dressen, manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, was adorned with the most massive set of horns in baseball history. For Dressen, after three years in Brooklyn, during which time he tied for one pennant and then won two in a row, *found himself manager of a minor league team!*

It's said that anything can happen in Brooklyn but this was the first time a winning manager was promoted to the bushes. The horns pinned on Dressen are permanent. If he could shed them, Sid C. Keener, curator of baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York, would love to exhibit them.

The nearest thing to the Dressen story is the Rogers Hornsby story. For many, many years baseball writers laughingly referred to St. Louis —

*"First in shoes
First in booze
Last in the National League."*

But in 1926, Hornsby, greatest right-hand hitter in National League history, changed the St. Louis story.

A fighting, driving manager who even to this day lives and breathes baseball, he led his 1926 Cardinals to a National League pennant. He went on to wallop the fabulous New York Yankees in the historic seven-game series in which the late Grover Cleveland Alexander was the hero. It was the first St. Louis pennant in either league, to say nothing of the

first world championship for the city!

But Hornsby was almost immediately traded to the New York Giants.

MOST present-day fans think Fred Merkle of the Giants was the first World Series "goat." Almost — but not quite. Actually his alleged "boner" was committed in a game that was to decide the National League championship. That was back in 1908 and the Chicago Cubs and the Giants were tied for first place. The winner would be the World Series entry.

It was the ninth inning. The score was tied. As I remember it, Merkle was on first and there was a runner on third. A pinch hitter knocked out a hit and Merkle, seeing the winning run cross the plate, trotted on past second to the clubhouse. "Hank" O'Day, famous umpire of his day, went to the umpires' dressing room. Johnny Evers, standing on second base, began yelling for the ball, claiming Merkle didn't touch second. The ball was tossed to him and Frank Chance dashed into the umpires' room to retrieve O'Day. O'Day returned to the scene and eventually ruled the game should be played over. And it was, the next day, and the Giants lost the game and the pennant. The immortal John J. McGraw, years later, told the writer Merkle *did* touch second and that O'Day had admitted his error — but to this day Merkle wears the horns. Hang a

pair on and — whether right or wrong — they can't be shed.

Baseball experts name Fred Snodgrass, Giants outfielder, as the original World Series "goat." Maybe this can be disputed, because J. G. Taylor's *Sporting News* and *Baseball Guides* do not make records of such goats. But it happened back in 1912 during the Series between the Giants and the Boston Red Sox. Snodgrass was known as "Sure-catch Fred." On a very easy chance, Snodgrass muffed a fly ball — and Boston won the Series. It was called an "eighty-thousand-dollar error" because it represented the monetary difference between the shares of the winning and losing teams.

One of the more historic coronations (of which there are too many to record) was that of Joseph Vincent McCarthy — "Old Marse Joe" — manager of the New York Yankees. It was in the 1942 Series between the Yanks and the St. Louis Cardinals. Up to that time the shrewd strategy of the old master had never been questioned. But a crucial decision in the third inning of the third game adorned him with the billy goat horns. Curator Keener of Baseball's Hall of Fame loves to tell the story.

The Yanks won the first game in St. Louis, 7-4. The Cards won the second game, 4-3, and the clubs moved to Yankee Stadium. In the third game it was Ernie White against Spurgeon Chandler and it was 0-0 at the end of the second

inning. *It was in the next inning that McCarthy outsmarted himself.* Now get the picture! The yellow-haired George Kurowski, Card third-baseman, got a walk. Martin Marion bunted for a sacrifice, pushing a slow dribbler to Chandler, who retired Marion. Pitcher White, the next batter, walked to the plate as Kurowski stood on second, having been advanced by the bunt, and Marion sat on the bench. Then out from the Yankee dugouts strolled McCarthy. At his heels was Coach Art Fletcher. They marched up to George Barr, umpire-in-chief.

There was prancing and arm waving by McCarthy and Fletcher. Play was halted. McCarthy was demanding justice! He wheeled in circles demanding a hearing from anyone who would listen.

Every one of the 69,123 paid customers — and a jam-packed press box — wanted to know what all the shooting was about. Marion had been thrown out bunting Kurowski to second, so what? The best the Cards could get was one run — and there were two weak hitters coming up to come through with the necessary base hit. White, the pitcher, was almost a cinch to strike out and Jimmy Brown would likely pop up in infield fly.

McCarthy, it developed, was jabbering about an illegal play on Marion's bunt. His argument was that Marion's bat had hit the ball a second time, on the rebound, while in the batter's box — and that con-

stitutes an official foul ball. *Marse Joe was sustained by the umpires and, chest out, strutted back to the dugout with Fletcher at his heels.* It was no play.

Kurowski was ordered back to first base, and Marion returned to the plate. Play was resumed.

And what happened next shouldn't happen to a goat.

Marion singled Kurowski to second on a slow bouncer down the first base line — *and the Cardinals now had two runners on the bases, with no one out*, whereas before the McCarthy protest they had a man on, with one out. Up to that time the Cards had been a mild-mannered crew. Now they reverted to the old "gashouse gang" spirit, jeered McCarthy, poked fun (and curses, too) at the Yanks. They waved crying towels and even the rookies were geared to high pitch.

McCarthy burned when Pitcher White advanced the runners with a perfect sacrifice. He blistered when Kurowski crossed the plate on an infield roller by Brown. An inspired White went on to pitch one of the most brilliant games in World Series history, winning 2-0. The Cardinals went on to win the Series in five games. *And that's how McCarthy won his horns.*

BUT, as previously stated, never in the history of the Series did the goat fanciers have such a wonderful time as this past fall.

Casey Stengel's pet, Billy Martin,

pulled two of the worst boners in Series history. If it had not been for his hot bat and the fact that the Yankees won, he would have been nominated as a most outstanding goat. In the third game he tossed to the plate after scooping up a bunt, with the fleet-footed Jackie Robinson off at the crack of the bat and only a step from the bag. In so doing he lost the runner at first. Jackie, of course, scored. In the last inning of the fourth game, with the Yanks needing four to tie it up, Billy raced for home — and a meaningless run — and was out from here to wherever you're reading. Baseball fans understand that at that moment the Yanks need was not *one run*, but to keep the rally alive.

That old pro, Frank Crosetti, qualified for the horns on that play by waving Martin in. Crosetti took the rap. *Even if Martin had scored, the Yanks needed three more runs to tie.*

THERE was an incredible balk, a bush league balk, by Vic Raschi, and Ed Lopat, pitching in his fifth series, permitted Gil Hodges to make a practically walk steal of third base. Lopat honestly admitted he forgot Hodges was on second. Whitey Ford won a pair of horns when in his eagerness to score on a fly ball he forgot to tag third, costing the Yanks a run, and later handed the Dodgers a run by letting Robinson move from second to third on a lazy windup, then scoring on an

infield out. This could go on and on, but before we wind it up, let's tell just one more.

Leave us not forget Old Casey. Leave us remember that without the bats of Martin and Mickey Mantle, Stengel would have been forced to tell his pet-child Martin to move over and make room for *his* horns. Stengel made his bid to join the populous herd of billy goats in the fourth inning of the second game when he decided to pitch to Billy Cox. Two were out and two were on the base paths. The Yanks were leading by one run, and Preacher Roe, who doesn't hit the size of your hatband, was up next. In such circumstances, even among schoolboy teams, the intentional pass was indicated. But not to the Master Mind. They pitched to Cox and Billy doubled to score two, and the Bums led until Martin and Mantle took charge.

So now we come back to my old friend, Charlie "Chuck" Dressen. He didn't buy a round trip ticket when he came from Oakland to Brooklyn. "Chuck" knew he didn't need one. He'd do things for the Bums, and he did — tied for the first place once, won two pennants, battled in two World Series. So he lost them? So what? "Chuck" could have used that return trip ticket, for his reward from his bosses was *th gate!*

"Chuck" is back in Oakland now but things will never be the same in Brooklyn.



Caxton of the Rockies

BY FELIX WITTMER

JAMES HERRICK GIPSON, the sagebrush champion of liberty, has been living with books all his life. When he was a boy in Idaho, he used to crank the wheel with which the press of the *Caldwell Tribune* was operated. It was on this primitive press that his father's little farm paper, the *Gem State Rural*, was printed. There were no funds available to hire hands for typesetting. Three Gipson children attended to these chores.

Jim was a lad of eighteen when his father, with assets of \$118, started his own printing press. There were no plush offices in which the Gipson family would reign over an extensive array of experts. Whatever the Gipsons accomplished they have done the hard way. Slowly and doggedly, the Gipsons built a respectable printing and binding business. They furnished anything from school supplies to novelties and calendars. They thrived especially on the courthouse trade, supplying everything from office forms to jail stationery.



At the end of their first

quarter century, the Gipsons had developed their business assets from \$118 to a quarter of a million. Besides an occasional pamphlet or a privately printed book, they published but one book commercially, Luken's *Idaho Citizen*. This initial publishing venture was to become a textbook for Idaho's public schools.

Out of admiration for the great British pioneer of printing and of printing craftsmanship, the Gipsons called their firm the Caxton Printers. Like the venerable Englishman of the fifteenth century, they experimented with their craft. They did not import a single trained editor, designer, typesetter, lithographer, binder, or marketer from the big city. They learned and developed everything by themselves. They did not depend on anyone. Whatever they have built is the result of their own endeavor. Practically their entire staff of about eighty consists of "local boys." Caxton Printers is a rugged, hard-working, independent outfit — a local product of the Rocky Mountains.

The five Caldwell citizens



who guide the Caxton enterprise today include Jim Gipson's two sons and his son-in-law. They labor like beavers; but they do so happily because they work for themselves, and for their own ideals. They have some dreams which they want to make reality. They want to produce beautiful and substantial books, of heavy paper "with a real printing surface and some weight," made by hand. Production costs in an enterprise of such meticulous craftsmanship, but minuscule size, are much higher than those of the large publishing houses, in some cases several times as high.

The Caxton Printers accept such handicaps as challenges. They need not adjust themselves to the fads of New York publishing. They manage everything as they please. They don't ask Washington for permission to do this or that. They are quite happy that the Rocky Mountains are a long way from the Capital. The less they see of Washington's bureaucrats, the better they like it.

The Caxtons had some pretty rough going when F.D.R.'s intellectual world-reformers started bombarding the country with questionnaires, application forms and bales of regimentation orders. The NRA kept them continuously in hot water.

"Running' the Caxton Printers," Jim Gipson wrote at the time, "has been quite a job for those of us who have put in a quarter of a century

at it, and we didn't see how it was to be done by bureaucrats in Washington three thousand miles away. The National Labor Relations Board finally cracked down on us, and had it not been for the Supreme Court decision outlawing the NRA, the Caxton Printers would have been spoken of in the past tense."

ONE of the dreams which these companions of the cattle-breeding mountaineers entertained was to help writers of quality who, usually for commercial reasons, failed to get on the lists of the larger publishing houses. Imbued with creative aspirations, as were the craftsmen of the medieval guilds — the pious sculptors of Chartres and Westminster, and the devoted designers of painted glass — the Caxton Printers decided that there ought to be at least one publishing house in the United States which could not be called "commercial."

The Caxton Printers would not ask, "Is this book likely to be a best-seller?" They would ask, "Is it original?" They would say, "Does it express the heritage of our individualistic Western and American civilization?" If they discovered genuineness in a work, they would not be restrained from publishing it by the prospect of losing money. For the sake of spiritual and moral principles, they crave sacrifice. They would as cheerfully carry the financial loss in printing a worth-while book as they would contribute for

the building of a hospital or for any other civic or patriotic cause. There were always the school supplies and the commercial printing department to make up for their sacrifice.

At that, Caxton did rather well on some Americana, on juveniles, fiction and "miscellaneous." As the years went by, the Caxton Printers published an increasing number of books. Some 475 works, during the past quarter century, have come off the Caxton press.

Never looking for a handout from Washington, these stalwart craftsmen of the Rocky Mountains have had their ups and downs. At one time, a fire destroyed their plant. Within a matter of days, in improvised offices, they were carrying on as usual.

When the great depression of 1930 hit America, their \$15,000 yearly profit turned into a deficit of about an equal amount. But no employee was laid off. No Caxton man ever went on relief.

IT WAS a foregone conclusion that the revolution of the Rooseveltian blueprinters would arouse the indignation of Jim Gipson and his associates. What was happening to the American dream? Was it possible that within a generation Americans would become softies who looked for subsidies from Washington and who preferred the ways of indolence to those hardships in whose discipline greatness is born?

Jim Gipson and his loyal associates would not stand for that.

America, they knew, would no longer be worth living in and living for if her most cherished virtue, the sacredness of the individual, was crushed. If the big publishers of New York, who took in easy cash by bowing to the collectivist fad and aiding and abetting the decline of America, were remiss in their duty, the Caxton Printers would fight the trend alone!

In the sobering and invigorating air of the Rocky Mountains, James Herrick Gipson and his Caxton craftsmen have held high the banner of individualism, enterprise and selfless devotion to our Constitutional principles. The Caxton imprimatur has become a trademark among America's individualists.

America may or may not recover from her socialist nightmare. If we recognize in time that our Constitution is the most modern and progressive political document in history, and that the future prosperity of all of us depends on our refusal to let the state interfere with the natural laws of the free economy, America will be the enlightened civilization which the Founding Fathers intended her to be. In this case, the sagebrush publisher from Caldwell, Idaho, will be recognized as one of the finest and most creative Americans of the era. Future historians, it is likely, may report that James Herrick Gipson has written one of the most tender, potent and inspiring pages of recent American history.

CAUTIOUS IRISH EYES

By Frank Driscoll

THE IRISH, comes a report from Dublin, are dying out. Why? — Because when they *do* marry, they marry too late!

And this isn't blarney. For despite those smiling eyes and pretty girls of Dublin town, economists and sociologists affirm that if the present state of affairs continues, the Irish race will soon be extinct.

In 1841, the population of the twenty-six counties that today make up the Irish Republic was 6,528,799. A hundred years later, in 1941, it was down to 2,992,034, less than a half, while other European countries had more than doubled their populations. Latest figures, by the end of 1951, show a further decline — to 2,960,593.

This slow death of the Irish nation has, in the past, primarily been attributed to emigration, but a more thorough study of the problem reveals that the real cause is the Irishman's shyness of the altar.

Statistics show that for every thousand people in Ireland, there are only 45 married women under 45 years old! In the U.S. there are 145. With regard to unmarried men, the proportion is the highest in the world.

Sixty-six per cent of the Irish population are unmarried; six per cent are either widows or widowers.

Not only are the Irish shy of marrying but when they do pluck up courage and take the leap, it's usually too late, or nearly so. The majority do not get married until they are over 35 years old, and then, at best, the family usually comes to a standstill with the first child. So even if emigration ceased completely, at this present rate of reproduction the Irish race would still be incapable of perpetuating itself.

And it seems the climate is not to blame, either. For those Irish who do emigrate take this "anti-matrimonial" tradition with them. In America, for instance, the proportion of unmarried Irish is about twice that of any other racial group.

No, emigration is only Number Three down the list of the causes of de-population in Ireland.

Why this reluctance towards marriage? One Dublin authority says that it is simply because the Irish have got into the bad habit of waiting for the death of the head of the family so that the eldest can inherit his property. By then (apparently parents live to a ripe old age in Ireland) the youngest have lost all hope and emigrated, and the others have reached those staid middle ages when bachelordom and spinsterhood are proof against any smiling eyes and beguiling tongues.

Germany Is Still There

By George Fielding Eliot



APOLOGISTS for our post-war policy toward Germany — and Heaven knows it stands in need of apology — are wont to reproach present-day critics with being wise after the event.

But the outlines of reality were there all the time, reinforced by an experience so ample and conclusive that it is almost beyond belief that we could so long have pursued the idiotic illusion that we could somehow keep the German people permanently disarmed.

The realities we refused to face are simply stated:

There are 70,000,000 Germans.

They live in the heart of Europe.

They are industrious, capable and both scientifically and technically competent.

They have a strong sense of national unity.

They possess the largest industrial plant in Europe, the second largest in the world (surpassed only by our own).

It was, therefore, ridiculous to im-

agine that such a people with such resources could be kept permanently in leading strings, or that the German nation could be denied — by any artificial restraints — its full and proper place in the family of nations, including the possession of such degree of armed power as the German people might find necessary for their purposes.

We had, indeed, just seen an attempt to do that very thing only twenty-odd years back, after World War I, and we had seen it end in bloody failure. Within our own national experience was the aftermath of the Civil War, when the only possible peace policy was the immediate restoration of the Southern states to their full dignity in the Union and of their citizens to their full rights: and we are still paying a bitter price in lingering resentment arising not from the fact of the military defeat of the South, but from the stupidities of the reconstruction period.

Looking farther back in the pages of history, we might also have re-

called that the most lasting of European peace arrangements were those of the Congress of Vienna, the outlines of which endured — without a general war — for almost exactly a century. The Vienna pacts were at the time considered by many to be absurdly generous to defeated France, whose Revolutionary and Napoleonic armies had inflicted such terrible ravages on all France's neighbors and burdened Europe with twenty-two years of warfare. There was a loud outcry that France ought to be required to cede much of her territory to the victors. That this was not done was due in large part to the statesmanship of the British representatives at Vienna — Lord Castlereagh and, later, the Duke of Wellington. Wellington's advice to Castlereagh on this point is worth repeating:

"My objection to the demand of a great cession from France is that it will defeat the object which the Allies have held out to themselves in the present and the preceding wars.

"That which has been their object is to put an end to the French Revolution, to obtain peace for themselves and their people, to have the power of reducing their overgrown military establishments, and the leisure to attend to the internal concerns of their several nations, and to improve the situation of their people. The Allies took up arms against Buonaparte because it was certain that the world could not be at peace as long as he should possess, or be in a situa-

tion to attain, supreme power in France: and care must be taken, in making the arrangements consequent upon success, that we do not leave the world in the same unfortunate situation respecting France that it would have been if Buonaparte had continued in possession of his power. . . ."

Admitting that France under such conditions "will still be powerful probably more powerful than she ought to be in relation to her neighbors," Wellington still preferred to trust in merely temporary safeguards, which would have "the advantage of introducing into France a system and habits of peace after so many years of war. Revolutionary France," he urged, "is more likely to distress the world than France however strong in her frontier, under a regular government, and that is the situation in which we ought to endeavor to place her."

HOW MUCH bloodshed and destruction the world might have been saved if the statesmen of 1918-19 had only read and digested the wise counsel of the Iron Duke! For then existed in Germany a government with which a fair and generous peace could have been made, and the rising threat of Soviet Communism might thereafter have been faced by a reconstructed "Concert of Europe," unhampered by the spirit of revenge of which Hitler made himself the focus.

If that much foresight was to

much to expect in 1918-19, surely as World War II drew to its close, as the character and purposes of the Soviet government began to be more plainly seen, it was not too much to expect statesmen to realize that Germany was as essential a member of the European and the world balance of power as France had been in 1814-15. Save for the childish shibboleth of "unconditional surrender" — a mere slogan, representing no careful consideration, far less a statesmanlike policy — it might well have been possible to make peace with a "regular government" in Germany even earlier than 1945, and with German participation to have regulated the affairs of Europe in such a way that the Soviet threat to world peace would be of far less formidable proportions today.

For this, too, there was sound and promising precedent.

It was in just this fashion that the statesmen of Vienna faced the Russian threat of their day: Imperial rather than Communist, but a serious menace for all that. The Tsar, Alexander I, had set his heart on taking over the whole of Poland, which his armies then occupied. Had he obtained all he demanded, the security of Europe would have been as seriously impaired as it was by the Soviet seizure of Poland and the other satellite states in 1945.

The danger was resisted. That is the great, the all-important difference between the decisions of 1814-

15 and those of 1944-45. For the British statesmen, wisely having assured a stable peace with their late enemy the French, were able to draw France into a coalition with Austria and Britain before which the Tsar recoiled.

EUROPE entered upon a hundred years of peaceful development — not wholly free of war, but at least free of any world-wide conflagration. It was the most remarkable century of human history in its scientific, educational and industrial progress, and in the development of free political institutions.

The key to that success was to assure peace with France first. France provided just the necessary additional weight to the resistance against Russian aggression which was necessary to overawe the Russians.

These fundamental facts, on which their security was based, were clearly understood by such men as Castlereagh or Wellington, Metternich or Talleyrand. They were forgotten by their successors.

Is it too late now to correct this basic error, to rebuild the structure of the balance of power, face the Communist bandits with the united force of the states threatened by their rapacity?

All that can be said is summed up in four words: Better late than never. Germany is mutilated by the loss of her eastern provinces to Poland — handed over by single-handed Soviet decision in "compensation"

for Polish lands still farther to the east which Russia coveted. Part of what remains of Eastern Germany is still occupied by Soviet troops. A corner of East Prussia has been incorporated in the USSR. But the German Federal Republic, with a population of some 50,000,000 hard-working people, is a going concern. Unburdened by military expenditures (save Occupation costs) it has recovered its economic health. Its people show signs of a growing, if not fully attained, political maturity. They have experienced "a system and habits of peace." This is hardly the place for prophecy as to whether, in the near future, the Federal Republic will be received into the European Defense Community: the vicissitudes of French politics lie outside this reporter's powers of prediction. But certainly, in one way or another, unless prevented by the launching of a new world war by the Kremlin, this free Germany will rearm itself and assume a place among the great powers in keeping with its recovered strength.

THE DESIGN of the European Defense Community is one of those temporary safeguards of which Wellington wrote. It is too complicated, probably, to be of long endurance; but it will serve to bring German military power into the defense forces of Western Europe. Perhaps that will be enough to keep the balance even — in terms of Soviet calculations — for another few years of

uneasy truce. In any case, Germany will gain wider freedom of action than is provided for in the covenant of the EDC as time goes on. This is in the nature of the relations of sovereign states, and there is little that we can do to prevent it (though we could have brought it about under happier circumstances if we had not had so much faith in artificial and unworkable devices).

The great unanswered question is really this:

Does the gravest danger to peace now lie in possibly violent Soviet reactions to the sight of Germany actually being rearmed? Will the Kremlin take all risks — even the risk of atomic war — rather than see German armed power reviving on the wide-open western frontier of the Soviet Empire?

Or, as many Frenchmen fear, does the real danger lie in what the Germans will do after they are armed, and after they have regained the power of independent decision as to what use to make of their arms?

The first danger — that of a preventive war by the Soviet Union — is, I think, considerable. It has to be accepted and discounted because there is no other way of making the defense of Western Europe even reasonably secure, save by German participation in that defense. The long-continuing temptation afforded by fundamental weakness, by a military vacuum in the heart of Europe, might well prove in the end an even greater incentive to Soviet aggres-

sion than the rebirth of the German army. This is a hurdle that we must get over, risk or no risk.

For once we are over it, the second risk seems likely to be less threatening. No doubt a rearmed Germany will seek the recovery of the eastern lands. But once this German power exists, adjustments short of war — impossible even to imagine today — may become possible. The Lenin-Stalin theory of “ebb and flow” is not mere Marxian rhetoric: it is embedded deep in the life-stream of Russian history. Alexander I, confronted by an English-Austrian-French coalition, which he might (with Prussian aid) have defeated if he had tried, drew back rather than risk a war of such uncertain outcome and one, moreover, in which he could not be sure of domestic support. Sixty years later, his nephew, Alexander II, gave up his heart’s ambition and withdrew from the very gates of Constantinople before the united opposition of the Concert of Europe, though there were voices among his advisors which called loudly for a firmer attitude even at the risk of war. The Soviet Union has reacted in like manner whenever confronted by determination backed by force — in Iran, in Greece, in the affair of the Berlin airlift. We need not, therefore, be too sure that the Soviet zone of Germany might not be evacuated under some future circumstances which might arise after there is again a German army on the Elbe.

But of one thing we may be sure: barring immediate war, Germany is going to become a great power again, and an armed power, and have a voice — a German voice — in the “Concert of Europe.” We Americans are going to help this to happen, because we cannot forever leave our own forces to hold fronts which ought to be, and will be, manned by German forces. We are right to do so. The policy is not without risk, but no policy is without risk when you live in the same world with such uneasy, treacherous neighbors as the men in the Kremlin.

IT MAY be instructive, however — if not presently too helpful — to reflect that we need not have found ourselves faced with so dangerous an expedient. If, from the hour that we perceived that Hitler was slipping, we had addressed ourselves to the problem of making a reasonable, even generous, peace with whatever German government might succeed him — as the Allies did when Napoleon’s first abdication became inevitable — it is quite possible that such a peace might have been well on its way to accomplishment say in the fall of 1944, when the western Allies were racing past liberated Paris toward the Rhine and the Soviet armies were still beyond the Vistula and had not reached the Danube. Stalin would not have consented? Stalin would have had no choice. Our forces were far more mobile than his. We could have

swept through all Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and a good part of Poland before his slow-moving divisions could have anticipated us. Nor would Stalin have had a good case for complaint: Russia was liberated by Russian efforts, and the status of the rest of Europe would have remained a subject for negotiation — with Germany participating, not Nazi Germany but a Germany under a more reliable “regular government.”

We did not do these things, because the vision of our leaders was not equal to the vision of the men of Vienna in 1814–15. We did not see, as Professor A. J. P. Taylor points out, that having successfully resisted German strength, “the true problem which Germany presented to Europe was how to promote in Germany a sensible, balanced way of life.” We did not see that we should be exchanging German dominance for Russian dominance over much of Europe and the world unless we could restore German participation in the balance of power. Instead, we thought in terms of “unconditional surrender,” of emotional vengeance on evil-doers, of the trial and execution of “war criminals.” Granted the Nazis were evil — their crimes, when you come right down to it, were no worse than Napoleon’s: Hitler was no more rapacious, no more cruel, no more treacherous, no more indifferent to human life and happiness than Napoleon. No Allied statesman of 1814 in his right

mind would have made peace with Napoleon — certainly Wellington and Castlereagh would not, and the British people would not have let them if they had tried. But they realized that France would be there after Napoleon had gone, and that without France there could be no balance of power, and hence no secure peace in Europe. They realized that above all else the true need of all the war-tortured peoples was “peace and tranquillity.” To that object they devoted themselves. Nor did they intend to allow the Russians to reap benefits beyond those to which Russian effort and sacrifice had justly entitled that nation. “I do not represent His Royal Highness’ government at this Congress,” snapped Castlereagh, “for the purpose of assisting a Calmuck prince to overturn Europe.”

It seems a pity that the lessons of this experience could not have been more widely examined and understood by those who had to deal with quite similar problems and decisions in our own troubled times. How long it will take to rescue Europe and the rest of the world from the menace of our present-day “Calmuck prince” the Lord only knows. It’s quite possible that we may have another war to fight and another peace to make before that day of “tranquillity” finally dawns. We can only hope that by that time candidates for high office in this country will be required to pass an examination in history.

***Keeper of one of the world's
best-guarded secrets***



THE GILLIE GILLIE MAN

By Lloyd G. Frost

HE WILL be found wherever tourists or weekenders gather — in the courtyard of the Galle Face Hotel, beneath the shade trees at Negombo Resthouse, on the terrace at Mount Lavinia.

He may wear a short-sleeved shirt and khaki shorts; he may wear a sarong; his costume may be wholly nondescript. But always he carries a dirty cotton cloth sack, bulging with the paraphernalia of his fraternity, and a flat, round wicker basket.

He may be in his early twenties, he may be in his seventies, and he may be ageless. He may possess the powerful physique of a wrestler, the blurred avoirdupois of late adolescence or the stringy astringency of old age, but he surely possesses one characteristic common to all his guild. He is one of the elect — one of the world's truly great conjurers — an Indian gillie gillie man.

Legend has it that all the famous magicians have watched him, time and again without number, with all their own special knowledge of the

tricks of the trade brought to bear on the effort, to fathom his seemingly naïve routine. And all have failed.

Their great illusions and baffling mysteries are performed on a stage equipped with every known mechanical aid. They wear costumes that belie their elaborately achieved effect of simplicity with many hidden pockets and caches. They are separated from their audiences by the depth of the orchestra pit, and at least a part of the width of the stage. They have at their command extensive facilities and tricks of lighting.

The gillie gillie man has none of these. His stage is the open ground wherever he chances to find an audience with sufficient spare rupees to make it worth his while to give a performance. This need not be much. As little as five rupees will induce him to drop his sack and squat down to begin his age-old routine.

His costume leaves his arms bare to his shoulders and his legs to mid-

thigh; what little there may be of it affords no hiding places. He is separated from his audience by only such distance as the audience itself chooses to maintain. They may ring him round at arm's length, peer over his shoulders, watch from any or all sides. So long as he is allowed sufficient space in which to move his arms he is unperturbed. His lighting is only the blazing tropical sun overhead which affords no deceptive shadows nor permits any hidden strings.

Like all conjurers, he has his patter. It is a hodgepodge of Hindustani, Singhalese, Tamil, English, and other tongues or dialects, without coherent meaning — except, perhaps, to the gillie gillie man himself.

The gillie gillie man's routine is the same wherever you find him. Much of it appears to be simple legerdemain, as in truth it is, but legerdemain performed with such dazzling speed and homespun sincerity as to make the efforts of the best stage performers seem colorless and labored.

ALTHOUGH in itself an exhibition of skill worthy of anyone's note, the various sleights with which he regales his audience are but hors d'oeuvres to his world-famed *pièce de résistance* — The Mango Trick.

This illusion is bracketed in conversation and print with the Indian Rope Trick but there is a vast gulf between. The latter is not recorded

as ever having actually been witnessed by any person living or dead on testimony worthy of belief. Ask the gillie gillie man and he will tell you, "Master, rope trick not performed for one thousand years."

I saw him first squatting on a small patch of ground between the corner of the hotel and the driveway. We were setting out for a stroll along the seawall when he made his pitch and I nodded acceptance. Tossing his sack to one side, he squatted down on his heels and placed the flat wicker basket at arm's length in front of him on the ground.

With a tuneless series of undulating phrases on his traditional gourd, he brought out from under the lid of the basket a deadly, swaying cobra. We watched fascinated as he played to, then talked to in endless patter, this beautiful but wicked personification of sudden death. With a light slap on the side of its head, the cobra then slithered back inside the wicker basket and he placed it behind him.

In quick succession he now performed several of the best and oldest tricks of legerdemain — elementary feats, some of them, but they were being performed in brilliant sunlight with the audience standing around in a close circle!

But now with the palm of his hand he smoothed the earth over a surface of two or three square feet. With his wand he then dug a hole the size of his fist in the firm soil.

From his bag he produced a mango

seed and held it up to view. It is four inches in length, brown, and slightly fuzzy looking, shaped like a huge, very flat bean. He placed it on end in the hole he had dug, swept in the loose earth and packed it around and over the seed. He was preparing to perform his *chef-d'oeuvre*, the illusion for which only the members of his centuries-old guild hold the secret.

He sent a boy for water, poured a little over the spot where the seed was planted, and covered it with one of his brass cups, bottom up. Squatting well back from the prepared place, he picked up his yard of soiled cotton cloth, holding it by the corners, stretched out, and exhibited each side in turn. With his bare arms stretched straight out, he flung it out to spread over the cup.

Now he took up his gourd pipe and wheezed a string of tuneless notes. Holding the pipe in one hand, he took a crude rag doll, perhaps five inches long, and waved this over the hidden cup. Abandoning the pipe, he moved the doll in small circles, chanting some unintelligible mumbo-jumbo. With one hand he whipped the cloth away and for a moment continued his adjuration, with the doll circling the cup.

Dropping the doll, he took the base of the cup between thumb and forefinger and lifted it well away from the ground. In the center of the spot where it had rested, where the seed had been planted, three or four fresh, green leaves were pro-

truding an inch or so above the ground.

I STEPPED within a pace of them and leaned over to examine them carefully. They had all the appearance of a plant breaking fresh ground. The earth around them showed no signs of disturbance, still bearing the print of the palm that patted it down.

Now the conjurer laid aside the cup and, again exhibiting the cloth, swept it out to lie spread flat on the ground, except for a small hump over the leaves. He slid his bare arms under the cloth, his hands working visibly under it at the point where the leaves had broken ground. The cloth began to rise, higher, higher, its edges drawing in, until it was well over a foot above the ground, draped around some yielding, swaying object that distended it in roughly hemispherical contour.

With a final word of patter the gillie gillie man withdrew his arms and took the cloth by two corners — a magnificent flourish whipped it away. Standing there erect, firmly planted stems emerging from the spot where the seed had been planted, was the bush of a young mango tree — a sparkling, immaculately clean mass of long green leaves, perhaps sixteen inches in diameter.

The gillie gillie man smiled broadly in satisfaction at the “Oh’s” and “Ah’s” of his audience. He stripped one of the foot-long leaves from the plant and went about the watching

group, breaking it in pieces and offering them for inspection. Squatting again beside the plant, he uprooted it to show the seed, festooned with short roots, clinging to the stems.

I extended a hand. Without hesitation he laid the plant in it. There could be no slightest doubt that this plant grew from this seed. Five pencil-size green, stiff shoots sprung from the opened seed; they were firmly attached by nature. I tested their structure. They were pliant but could not be bent to any extent without fracture. The long, green leaves were moist and as immaculate as if freshly washed by a summer shower. The roots were spreading fine tentacles with earth clinging to them as if the plant had just been plucked from its bed in a nursery.

Since then I have watched the performance of this trick by a dozen performers. I have seen some of them perform it on several different occasions, on the open ground, in a heap of clean sand on a table or a pavement. I have stood before, behind and beside the conjurer, so close as to bring about contact in some of his movements, and as I tried vainly to perceive even the faintest hint of how it was done, I remembered that many of the world's foremost magicians had tried the same thing and failed.

The long arm of coincidence reaches far to create startling and bewildering events and situations. I know of none more amazing and mystifying than that occurring when the gillie gillie man foils modern science.



Among the Mourners

While I was stirring my black coffee in an attempt to coax it down from the boiling point, the friendly waitress addressed the doleful, elderly character on the next stool.

"I didn't see you in here yesterday, Mr. Woelke."

"No, I couldn't make it. I went to a funeral. And say, that was about the biggest and the saddest funeral I was ever to. I never see so many people and so many cars. The place was chock-full of flowers, and the organ music just about had me crying."

"Whose funeral was it, Mr. Woelke?" The young lady's voice was full of sympathy. "A relative of yours?"

"No, it wasn't. The minister mentioned the name a time or two but I didn't quite get it."

Contributed by WILLIAM F. SAWYER, Racine, Wisconsin

What the Greek People Really Think of the U.S.A.

BY KING PAUL OF GREECE



Editor's Note: So many unkind things have been said about the United States recently by our European friends and allies that the following comments by King Paul of Greece are most refreshing. The King was speaking at a luncheon given by the Washington press corps for him and the Queen. The very obvious sincerity with which he spoke was even more impressive than his words.

WE IN GREECE feel we have discovered the real and true America. It is not just a place and a people. It is an idea and an ideal. We Greeks are better equipped than others to see and understand this. From the beginning of history Greece has been the crossroad at which conflicting civilizations and great human migrations have met.

We Greeks have suffered the hardships and confusions that come from being at the point of impact. In order to survive for the past two thousand years and conserve our

religion and our national consciousness we have had to develop an extraordinary capacity to recognize and understand new ideas, new truths and new values, more quickly than other peoples.

We in Greece think that we have come to understand the greatness and beauty of the spiritual concept which is the very essence of America.

I sometimes think that you yourselves have not yet recognized the colossal help that you have been to all of us in Europe. You may now think I am only talking about the material help, without which many of us, and quite certainly Greece, would be today in a pitiful situation.

No, ladies and gentlemen, I am talking about something that is far more important and of far greater consequences to all of us. You have given us spiritual leadership, for us to follow or to reject. How you have done this, I will explain.

When the war was over, the con-

fusion and misery made many of us in Europe egocentric and, therefore, also unconstructive in our thinking and acting.

It seemed as if the war had taken the very life out of the old continent and destroyed the mission which, only as a Europe united in aim, could we bring to complete success. European civilization had lost its spiritual driving force. It seemed about to go under. Then, as to a prayer, came the answer.

The situation can best be described with the words of Walt Whitman, one of your own great poets: "From imperfection's murkiest cloud, darts always forth one ray of perfect light, one spark of Heaven's Glory."

The people of America decided to help the mother continent. It was not so much the material aid, but the very thought behind it, which is of such spiritual significance.

The generosity, the uncomplaining sacrifice of the ordinary American taxpayer, the very spirit with which the whole American people made the American aid a material fact, *that* is the leadership which you have given us.

It is the very "spark of Heaven's Glory."

It taught us once again that generosity, unselfishness, friendliness, human sympathy and mutual help are the values which can unite individual nations and continents.

The Truman Doctrine, Marshall Aid, the Atlantic Pact, the Euro-

pean Defense Council, all these are signposts on our road towards a reborn Europe, that have been given to us by you.

IN GREECE we know and have absolutely no doubt that your aim equal to your thought, is unselfish. We know that, by helping us, you want nothing from us except our friendship and our own increased effort to help ourselves. I, myself am convinced that this is also your policy towards the other countries whom you have helped. In Greece you have been recognized for what you really are, and this will never change.

Our gratitude to you shall remain with us forever.

We know that all you want from us is for us to make a united European effort, economically, politically and militarily. So far in Greece we have tried to follow your noble aim.

As you know, we are the country which, when the war was over, suffered a frightful, dynamic, armed guerrilla attack, and went through appalling hardships, worse than those endured in the years of the war. In spite of this, with the encouragement of your aid and faith in us, we have already reached a point of internal maturity.

* * *

We have faith that other nations will follow our example.

We in Eastern Europe are determined to make our area one

the most stable units of the continent. Because of our geographic situation we hope that, by doing this, Greece and Turkey can become the bridge which can link the eastern countries with the western world.

Our relations with Yugoslavia are continuously improving. We are determined that the unity of purpose and understanding that we are forming in Eastern Europe shall not be exclusive but shall become a message of hope and daring possibility to some of our neighbors, who themselves, I am sure, are longing for friendship and peace. We stretch out our hands to them and say, "Where Greece and Turkey have succeeded, there you also will succeed."

THE WORLD is moving on. Past mistakes, wrong thinking, enmities and jealousies disappear in the face of a far greater danger. This danger is the philosophy of Matter versus that of Spirit. It challenges our western civilization as a whole and calls for a united spiritual and material effort. There is no time any more for us to think of the Turkish Army as stronger than the Greek, or the French as stronger than the eventual German, or the German than the French. There is only time for pride and inspiration in each other's efforts to succeed. We all are in danger because we all are bearers of the spirit of western civilization.

* * *

But it is this very mission of ours, this very unity of action by us to bring the beneficent spirit of western civilization into full flower, which is being threatened today.

Only as a Europe united in harmonious purpose can we successfully execute our mission. Europe now stands at the crossroad of her own history. Either we shall save ourselves and our western civilization, by following the message of unity of purpose given us by the United States, or we shall deserve to go under through our own lack of insight, and our own lack of faith in those great ideals that are common to the dignity of Man.

As sovereign of one of the smaller countries of Europe I express to the people of the United States the gratitude of my people for the leadership that you have given. In Greece we are fully conscious of the responsibility that we, as a European nation, have towards you.

I pray to God that neither we nor others in Europe shall ever fail to recognize the spirit of greatness that lies inherent within the people of the United States. May none of us ever, by grossly misunderstanding you, turn your spirit away from us in bitterness and disillusionment.

It is your mission as well as ours never to sacrifice human value for material gains.

We shall keep faith in you and pray that you will keep faith in us.

God bless you for what you are and what you will be.

COMPILED BY
ERWIN C. LESSNER

KARL MARX

VS. HISTORY

Some
long-forgotten
opinions and
prophecies
uttered by
the Father
of Communism
a century ago

★ Abolish slavery, and you will have wiped America off the map of nations. (*The Poverty of Philosophy*, 1847)

★ So far we have only witnessed the first act of the Civil War, the Constitutional War. The second act, the Revolutionary War, is at hand. (*Die Presse*, Vienna, August 9, 1862)

★ The long and short of the business seems to me that a war of this kind must be conducted on revolutionary lines while the Yankees have so far been trying to conduct it constitutionally. (Letter to F. Engels, August 7, 1862)

★ The manner in which the North wages war is only to be expected from a bourgeois republic where fraud has so long ruled supreme. (Letter to Friedrich Engels, September 10, 1862)

★ Lincoln's acts appear to me like

mean and pettifogging tricks used by one lawyer against the other. (Letter to Engels, October 30, 1862)

★ A practice has developed in the U.S.A. not to elect to Presidency men holding positions of consequence in their parties. The names of such persons are used for propaganda purposes, but when it comes to actual business, they are superseded by obscure mediocrities, like Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, and Lincoln (*Die Presse*, May 1862)

★ The acquisition of Alaska is no worth one cent economically, but the reversion of British North America is thereby accelerated (Letter to Kugelmann, February 17 1870)

★ In colonial countries the law of supply and demand favors the worker. Hence the relatively high standard of wages in the U.S.A. But whatever capital may try, it

cannot prevent the U.S. labor market from being drained by the continuous conversions of laborers into peasants. (*The Communist Manifesto*, 1848)

★ Labor, like Liberty, is a vague and indefinite thing by nature. (*The Poverty of Philosophy*, 1847)

★ The ultimate aim of mechanical improvement is to supplant the labor of adult males by that of women and children, or the work of the skilled by that of the unskilled workers. (*The Poverty of Philosophy*)

★ The general tendency of capitalist production is not to raise, but to lower, the standard of living. (*The Communist Manifesto*)

★ The trade unions . . . fail generally . . . because they limit themselves to a guerilla war against the effects of the existing system, instead of trying to change it and use their organized force for the ultimate abolition of the wage system. (*The Communist Manifesto*)

★ The more a country bases its development on the foundations of modern industry, like the U.S.A., the more rapid is the process of destruction of labor power. (*Capital*, Vol. I)

★ No improvement of machinery, no appliance of science to production, no contrivances of transporta-

tion, no opening of markets will do away with the misery of the industrious masses. (Inaugural address to the International Working Men's Association, 1861)

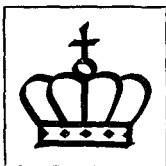
★ If machinery be the most powerful means for shortening the working time, it becomes in the hands of capital the most powerful means for lengthening the working day beyond all bounds. (*Capital*, Vol. I)

★ Free State — what is this supposed to mean? It is certainly not the workingman's aim to make the state free. (Polemics against the Gotha Program of the German Social Democrats)

★ It is a judicial prejudice to claim that society is based upon the law . . . (Marx at the Communist Trial, Cologne, February 8, 1849)

★ The revolutionary program would be wasted on a barbaric country like Russia. Revolution can only prevail through general war by the elements of the forces of revolution [France, Germany, Italy and Hungary] against absolutism [Russia]. (As told to P. V. Annenkov, March 30, 1846, and written to Engels, Sept. 23, 1851)

★ In the moment the forcible union between England and Ireland would come to an end, social revolution would break out in Ireland. (Letter to Kugelmann, 1870)



He Stole the English Crown

BY EDMUND COOPER

*I*N ALL the gallery of courageous, impudent, breath-taking rogues who have slashed and stamped their way through the exciting scenes of English history, Colonel Thomas Blood must take a by-no-means-modest place. He was as ruthless a villain as ever engaged in lusty pursuit of the three P's — Plunder, Power, and Position. But to give him his due, he was a dauntless rascal — as his contemporaries freely admitted — and he was not the man to moan when luck turned against him.

Nothing was too small to merit his attention, and nothing was too great. He was not above cheating a tavern-keeper over a tankard of ale and a fat capon; and he was not below setting his covetous eyes on that tempting, unattainable dream of all thieves past and present — the Crown Jewel of England.

Colonel Blood may claim the distinction of being the only man who ever stole the English Crown; and he was, perhaps the only great thief who, being caught red-handed, talked his way out of punishment and got a substantial reward into the bargain!

He was a legend in his own lifetime, while his notoriety swiftly found expression in song and ballad.

An ex-Roundhead, this surprising man became a favorite of King Charles the Second, and died at the ripe age — unusually ripe for a man of his fiery temperament — of sixty-two.

Colonel Blood began life in Ireland in 1618 as the son of a small landowner. As yet, the dread name of Cromwell was unknown to Ireland, and none knew what savage conflict lay in the future. Even as a boy, young Tom Blood must have displayed much of the arrogance and initiative that were to carry him through his most desperate adventure in later years.

Though Ireland was an uneasy hotbed of conflicting loyalties, it is certain that Tom Blood quickly discovered his one permanent allegiance — to money, and all that money could buy. On the strength of this simple philosophy, he was cheerfully able in later years to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.

Then that grim historical milestone, 1649, appeared, when King Charles the First was beheaded, and the day of the mighty Lord Protector was drawing ever closer.

THOMAS BLOOD, by this time a hard-drinking, luxury-loving adventurer of thirty-one, was a seasoned officer of Cromwell's army, having long ago decided that it could be folly to fight on the losing side. The spectacle of Blood presenting a pious countenance to his other Roundheads must have been somewhat ironical, especially as this fighting rogue was not above passing information to the Royalists — if it was worth his while. Nevertheless, he was no coward, and proved

to be a sound and vigorous fighter.

But Cromwell could not last forever, and Colonel Blood must have been rather annoyed to find that he had, in the end, backed the wrong horse.

At last the people of England, weary of those drab, restless years, welcomed with open arms the return of Charles the Second. Upon the Restoration, Colonel Blood's Irish estates became forfeit. Almost penniless, and in a dangerous risk-all-for-high-stakes mood, he came to try his luck in London. He was now prepared to become as staunch a Royalist as anyone.

It was not long before he found expression for his natural aptitudes — this time as a would-be political assassin, leader of a small, reckless band secretly in the pay of the Duke of Buckingham.

Buckingham, a court favorite, had a feud with the Duke of Ormonde who, until lately, had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Though Ormonde had acquitted his onerous duties as well and as honorably as he could, Buckingham and his court allies — forever whispering into the King's ears — had succeeded in getting Ormonde recalled to London. Not content with this, Buckingham wished to dispose of Ormonde permanently — with, let it be hinted, the King turning a blind eye for reasons of state.

As far as Colonel Blood was concerned, this was an opportunity for combining business with pleas-

ure, since he himself had no great love for the Duke of Ormonde.

On the damp, dark night of the 6th of December, 1670, the Duke had occasion to drive along St. James's Street in his carriage. Suddenly, Blood and his ruffians dashed alongside the coach and dragged Ormonde out into the street, where he was quickly bound and placed upon a horse. It was the bold intention of the assassins to take Ormonde to the notorious Tyburn, and there hang him. But in this they were frustrated, for the Duke managed to tear himself free while his servants organized a rescue.

All London was amazed at this daring and violent assault, and the price of £1,000 was placed upon Blood's head. His venture having ended in failure, the wily Colonel deemed it wise to disappear for a time. When next he emerged he was to become a nine-days' wonder.

DURING the triumphant years of the Roundheads, there had been a fanatical hatred of all symbols of royalty. And the men who had beheaded King Charles the First were no less eager to destroy all the emblems of monarchy. They broke up and sold the ancient regalia which, by virtue of their history, were beyond price.

When King Charles the Second claimed his throne, new regalia were needed, and these were fashioned at a cost of over £30,000 — ten times more than the Roundheads

had received when the original regalia were broken up and sold.

At the Restoration, Sir Gilbert Talbot was appointed Master of the Jewel House. To supplement his small salary, he was permitted to let the public view the Crown Jewels upon paying an admission fee.

The actual custodian of the Jewel House was an old man named Edwards, whose duty it was to supervise the daily display.

One fine day early in 1671, an insignificant parson and his wife joined the throngs of sightseers at the Tower of London. Colonel Blood — for it was none other — was busy displaying the sanctimonious air of his early Roundhead days. In accordance with prearranged plans Parson Blood's wife was taken ill. Keeper Edwards, full of sympathy took the parson and his wife to his own house, where Mrs. Edward looked after the distressed lady.

A few days later, Parson Blood returned to the Tower to give Mrs. Edwards a small present in appreciation of her kindness. The quick-witted Blood had already worked out his line of attack.

"You have," said he to Edwards, "a pretty young daughter. And my own nephew, who is worth a few hundred a year, remains unmarried. If you approve of it, we will endeavor to settle these two happily.

Edwards rose to the bait, and Blood was invited to bring his nephew to the Tower.

Parson Blood turned up all right

—accompanied by three other rogues who, armed to the teeth with swords, daggers and pistols, were ready for the great venture.

The unsuspecting Edwards admitted his guests to the Jewel House, for Blood's companions had expressed great eagerness to see the crown. As they entered, the young "suitor" remained to keep watch at the door.

Blood and his accomplices immediately set upon the old man, bludgeoned him and stabbed him, and he fell down unconscious.

By this time, Blood had slipped the crown under his cloak, while one of his companions took the orb and the other tried to break the sceptre, to put it into a bag.

As luck would have it, however, the jewel keeper's son, who had recently returned from Flanders, now arrived to pay a surprise visit to his father. Meanwhile, old Edwards had regained consciousness and managed to force the gag from his lips, shouting: "Treason!"

The conspirators dropped the sceptre, as yet unbroken, and made their getaway—with young Edwards and a Captain Beckman in hot pursuit.

By almost incredible good fortune, Blood and his associates got past two sentinels and negotiated the drawbridge.

But Beckman and young Edwards overtook them. Blood turned to fire a pistol, but missed Beckman and was seized. As he struggled, his

cloak was torn back to reveal the Crown of England. When the guards arrived to support Beckman, and Blood knew that the game was up, he laughed carelessly and said: "Well, it was a gallant attempt for a worthy prize!"

AND WHAT of the reckless, impudent Colonel? Did he receive the punishment his actions so richly merited? He did not!

When taken before King Charles, his sheer nerve and his easy manners, in the face of a possible death sentence, compelled the King's admiration. Also, Colonel Blood's quick wits had not deserted him. He stepped forward and whispered one word quietly into the King's ear: "Ormonde!"

The King had long been uneasy about the results of that savage attack upon the Duke. He would prefer to let sleeping dogs lie—especially if Blood was in a position to divulge certain facts.

To everyone's surprise, Colonel Blood not only received the royal pardon, but his forfeited Irish estates were restored to him as well!

He became such a favorite at court that the London reaction was summed up admirably in pungent verse:

*Blood that wears treason in his face,
Villain complete in parson's gown,
How much he is at Court in grace
For stealing Ormonde and the Crown!
Since loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the King, and outdo Blood!*



MUCH NONSENSE has been written about the “program” of Berlioz’ *Symphonie Fantastique*. A program is self-defeating if the music cannot stand alone; and if it can stand alone, the program is unnecessary. The Berlioz symphony, certainly one of the great pieces of writing for orchestra, does stand alone. Now that Berlioz is slowly coming into his own, the *Fantastique* has found its rightful place in the symphonic repertory.

On its new Epic label, Columbia has issued the latest interpretation of this exciting work. It is thoroughly explored by Willem Van Otterloo and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in a performance full of verve and brash emphasis. I played it through, and then followed it with what is now the “standard” performance, by Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony. The Otterloo version does not suffer by comparison. The recording is crisper, the momentum of the music is caught more keenly. It lacks the polish of Monteux, and the careful delineation which brings out the score’s inner voices. In both versions, however, it is the eloquence of the music, not the bathetic program which Berlioz so carefully out-

lined in his notes, which triumphs. Until Monteux or his equal returns to the *Fantastique*, under modern recording conditions, I’ll give my vote to the Otterloo version. (Epic LC 3005.)

That Humperdinck’s first name was Engelbert came as a distinct surprise. So, too, did listening to the suite from his opera, *Hansel and Gretel*, which I had avoided since my school days. This was a mistake, for the suite is lovely music, full of mood and color. The musicologists look down on Humperdinck as a student of Wagner who never lived up to his teacher; they disdain him because he did not make every composition a collection of musical polemics. But this is precisely his charm. On the reverse of this record is Grieg’s suite from the

opera *Sigurd Jorsalfar*, and two *Elgiac Melodies* — more somber in spirit but evocative and richly textured. The Covent Garden Orchestra, excellently conducted by John Hollingsworth and recorded with a high degree of fidelity, gives the music its due. (MGM E-3072.)

Menahem Pressler, a young Israeli pianist, has often been compared to Rudolf Serkin. But he has a wider range of intellectual curiosity, and



the vivacity and fire of his playing — they used to call it “temperament” — go beyond the precision approach of the older pianist. The scope of Pressler’s interests and abilities is measured by two new recordings of his work which MGM has issued: a program of Manuel de Falla’s music and Dimitri Shostakovich’s *Twenty-four Preludes for Piano*.

Falla’s piano pieces run a gamut — from his earlier “picturesque” works (*Serenata Andaluza*) to the harshly Iberian *Fantasia Baetica*, a work of tremendous rhythmic, emotional, and tonal complexity — and a finger-twister for any pianist. The plangent swirl of the *cante hondo* hangs over the clashing keys of Falla’s seldom-heard composition, and the thrum of the guitar is ever present.

The Shostakovich preludes are something else again. Written, one might say, as an exercise, they take up in turn all twenty-four of the major and minor keys. By turns wry, humorous, sentimental, traditional, modernist — and sometimes banal — the preludes are a percussive assault on the piano. The appeal to the listener is always intellectual. (This was Shostakovich before Stalin forced him to orchestrate pop tunes.)

In both sets, the Falla and the Shostakovich, Pressler shows real distinction; the scores might have defeated many a better-known pianist. (MGM E-3071 and E-3070.)

ONE of the leaders of a group of musicians who seek to push jazz beyond its dance-hall limits, Stan Kenton offers clever orchestration, off-beat tonalities, and an attempt to work through, rather than coast on, a popular tune. These are the hallmarks of his music, and obviously the public likes it. To capitalize on this following — and no pun is intended — Capitol has put together, on one LP, eight of his transfigurations and titled them *Portraits in Standards*. *April in Paris*, *Autumn in New York*, *Reverie*, Ellington’s lamentful *I Got It Bad and That Ain’t Good* — these are some of the old faithfuls. (Capitol H-462.)

In a more lyric, less self-conscious vein, Leroy Holmes links together eight Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz melodies — issued in celebration of the thumping success of *The Bandwagon*, whose tunes they also wrote. The album is called *Alone Together* and it stirs up a large dollop of nostalgia with *Something To Remember You By*, *Dancing In The Dark*, *You and the Night and the Music*, and so forth. To these experienced ears, the difference in musicianship between the present school of “singing strings” orchestras and the feeble Whiteman orchestra of the 1920’s (which won him the “King of Jazz” designation) is amazing. But when will RCA re-issue those wonderful Leo Reisman records, playing those neglected Rodgers & Hart tunes of the late 1930’s?

R. DET.



America's Oldest Town

By Carleton Beals



THE OLDEST — and the strangest — community in America is lofty, rock-bound Acoma in New Mexico. It stood there on a barren stone mountaintop untold centuries before Columbus discovered the New World.

Ever since the misty dawn of history, it has been there — isolated, unique, indifferent to the changing world or to the nation of which it is a part. But now its quiet, persistent life may be fated to disappear. It may be sitting on top of a future uranium mine.

We followed a sand-track across the barren plain toward the golden brown walls of the massive butte and its sharply turreted pinnacles. As we drew nearer, its flat roofs and adobe walls gave it a Mexican yet Biblical appearance. Then, beneath the 357-foot cliffs, Acoma was lost to sight entirely.

Here we were at the foot of the stark cliffs. No road led up to the

old fortress town, only a burrow trail. But Xavier, an Indian lad of seventeen who had invited me to his home, scorned this easier approach and led me up the toe-and-hand-hold niches in the rock wall.

We emerged successfully — for my part in a very shaky condition — into a large town of terraced adobe homes, three stories high. They gleamed many-tinted in the thin clear light. At this altitude of seven thousand feet, it has a remarkable quality of softness and keenness, as though somehow it were the very essence of light, something purer and more wonderful than in lowland areas.

In spite of the bright-colored houses, the place was forlorn and bare, for only the scantiest desert growth roots here and there in stone crevices. The only water for this bald stone table of seventy acres is rain, caught in nature's own stone tanks. When the supply grows low,

water must be carried up by the trail from the valley, on burros or on human backs.

The narrow street opened into the high plaza. Here we were 430 feet above the valley floor. Xavier led me into a large multiple-family house. The first story was laid up with stone; the two upper floors were of adobe, built on step-back terraces.

The partly paved patio was stocked with fodder, corn, chile, beans, and dangling dried meat. Sheep and goats eyed us from a corral.

The stone-perched settlement owns lands fifteen miles away in the valley which they call Acomita — Little Acoma. There, at the necessary times, they go each day to till their fields, hoe out the weeds, reap the crops. There they have sheep and goats, tended alternately by volunteers. They must leave long before dawn; they get back long after dark. Otherwise, they work on a few silver trinkets for tourists, make crude pottery and weave.

HOW LONG Acoma stood here on its stone crest before the first Spaniards came, no man knows. It is still here, populated by the same ancient people, 1,200 Acomite Indians, dwelling magically against the sky. Not far away modern man is testing the latest weapons of modern science. The new age, so long kept out, draws closer and closer. Recently the Acomites made a contract with a large mining corporation

permitting it to explore all its lands here and in the valley for uranium.

History after the Spanish Conquest also remains dim, mostly legends and scattered stories in the old Spanish records. Most likely the Acomites first chose this lofty, impregnable fortress site to defend themselves against hostile neighbors, such people as the Apaches, Comanches and Navajos, always troublesome. But none had ever been so foolhardy as to try to take over the rock-bound town.

Probably the first white man to visit Acoma was Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, the famous early Spanish explorer. He was received in the mysterious lonely town in a friendly spirit, for his exploits in punishing surrounding warlike enemies were well-known.

But when other Spanish expeditions pushed north, seeking the fabled gold of "the seven cities" — the magical treasure house of Cibola — their cruelties alarmed all the peoples of New Mexico, and every Spaniard who tried to enter the sky-tilted town was killed. Other tribes, other towns, were soon subdued, but Acoma proudly refused to bow to the Conqueror.

Vicente Zaldivar, valiant, jaunty lieutenant of the Mexican Viceroy sent north from Zacatecas, swore he would capture Acoma or perish. He organized a party of seventy soldiers, seven captains and a small cannon. They reached the vertical iron-bound cliff at sundown. The

arrows of the defenders joined the arrows of the hot late sun in a shower of death.

Unable to climb up the toe-and-hand trail, then the only approach, the attackers took refuge under an overhanging rock shelter to wait for night. Above them the war drums of death were booming.

Twelve Spaniards crept stealthily under the cliff seeking some other way to get to the top. Lassoing jutting points of stone, they hauled themselves up a side cliff. Cautiously and silently, the entire Spanish force worked its way up to the mesa without being detected. They even hauled up their cannon.

But surprise did not give them quick victory. For three days and nights they battled for their lives against two hundred warriors fighting fiercely for their homes and families. The stones were drenched with blood. Every Spaniard was wounded, many killed. But on the fourth day the Acomites surrendered and agreed to submit to Spanish authority.

They then sought to win through guile what they had lost in battle. Zaldivar, the story goes, was lured into a closed room by the Acomite chief and killed, then his soldiers were massacred. But since his name appears in later historical records, more likely it was some junior officer left in charge who met this bloody fate.

For many years after that, the Acomites were left alone.

A GENERATION later, Friar Juan Ramirez of Santa Fe decided to Christianize the Acomites. Refusing an escort, he walked alone more than one hundred miles through hostile Indian country.

He was sighted from afar, and when he reached the foot of the Acoma cliffs, the war drums were sounding. Arrows whizzed past his ears, stones hurtled down the trail.

Determined to carry through or die, he started up, holding his cross and breviary aloft whenever he did not have to hang on to the jutting rock. By a miracle he reached the first ledge unharmed. Here he was protected by a rock shelf.

Then the real miracle happened. A little girl — some stories say, the daughter of the chief — fell from the edge of the cliff. But when the good friar appeared once more, climbing the stone trail through the flying missiles, the girl's body was in his arms.

The arrows ceased flying. The stones stopped rolling. The braves, the whole village, the chief himself, waited in silence. The girl was still living, and she recovered. The Indians knelt at the Father's feet in awed gratitude and accepted his religion.

Under his tutelage, they built the great church, sixty by one hundred and fifty feet long, that is today the chief pride of the Acomite descendants. It was a colossal achievement to raise those ten-foot walls sixty feet high. The stones, the adobe, the

bricks, all the clay and lime, had to be carried up from the valley. To make the task easier, Padre Ramirez had them build a burro trail, quite an engineering feat. For the huge roof timbers the Acomites had to journey to far-off Mount Taylor. These were dragged across the desert and lifted up the rock wall.

The interior, except for the much-adorned altar, is as prim as a Protestant church. A few crude benches line the walls, but the women kneel on the stone floor, their blue rebozo shawls drawn tightly over their dark hair in an oval about their rapt brown faces. On the left of the high altar hangs a likeness of St. Joseph, given to Acoma by the King of Spain in 1629, and believed to have supernatural powers.

IN 1863, the chiefs, still believing in Acoma's full sovereignty, journeyed to Washington to ask for a treaty granting them perpetual title to their mesa and farm-lands. The Great White Father of the White House received them formally as they stood before him in their full ceremonial and war-time regalia. He granted their request and presented them with a silver-headed cane as a symbol of their eternal independence. It was engraved:

A. Lincoln
Prst U.S.A.
Acoma, 1863

Here in Acoma, alone against the sky, it is almost possible to believe

that no other place exists. It is hard to remember that this dot, this tiny breathing cell of ancient life, lies inside the greatest nation on earth. Beyond stretches empty desert like a shimmering sea, an endless expanse of silvery heat-waves.

Thunder storms always strike hard at this exposed butte, with jagged lighting. Such storms are often followed by steady gentle rain, soft as a silken shawl. Soon the desert floor, before the steady drought sets in, is a vast blue and gold carpet of wild flowers. Every cactus bursts into scarlet glory. But at other times it is a dead expanse of heart-breaking heat and sand; or it is a great empty expanse of snow. But always Acoma is here above, stark, silent, alone.

Great highways now thread the land. Steel rails span a continent. Trains and Greyhound busses hurtle across the vast land. Flying fortresses circle the globe. Far from Acoma, great factories send their constant smoke into the sky. And much nearer to Acoma, on Frenchman's Flat, atom bombs shake the earth — portents of man's discovery of a new invisible world of power and death, of hope and defeat. But Acoma is still unshaken. Its people still tread the ancient trails in peace, not needing any of these masterful gadgets of human progress.

But what will happen if that great stone mesa that has stood for so long against the storms of man and the storms of God really does contain uranium?

The Amateur Yachtsman



BY DUDLEY C. LUNT

DEFINITELY there is an advantage in being an amateur. Unlike the professional, you do not have to be right. You have no cult to proclaim, to maintain, or to defend; no crusade to lead. Your ego will generally stand without hitching, nor does it require props to support it. You are, in short, that *rara avis*, a free man. Free — one asks — for what? Free to enjoy yourself, son, to the hilt and without stint.

Particularly is this the case with yachting. You take that little period before the start of the race — the rendezvous, they call it. A slight mist arising from the flat calm surface of the bay obscures the shore, giving the illusion of being at sea — off soundings, in professional parlance. Here within a radius of half a mile of the Committee Boat cluster seventy-odd craft ranging from the simple sloop of modest dimension on up through cutters, yawls, and ketches to large-size schooners, known in the amateur's odd fund of ancient lore as fore-and-afters. On this tack and that, they drift — to the eye of the amateur — in utter confusion, with infrequent cat's-paws, the harbingers of the coming breeze,

shunting them to and fro. But it is not so. The shrewd eyes of the man at the tiller, fingering the while the stop watch that hangs from his neck by a lanyard, give sudden sharp glances to the quarter where wind is presaged, and his experienced mind calculates to a nicety its advantage in crossing the line. Meanwhile, between the lolling figures that decorate the decks with splashes of color in gay shirting, bright slacks, or often a mere flaming clout, there passes a medley of friendly badinage — challenges, joking advice, wolf whistles, bets and banter.

This is a pleasant interlude and the amateur yachtsman enjoys it savouringly. Having no assigned station, he eases himself down into the companionway. Here he will offend no man, being utterly out of the way. Nor will the boom knock him on the head should the boat come about or jibe. But the real point from the amateur's angle is that, from this station amidships, he has the best vantage of all for enjoying the show. And the show is about to open, for there goes the warning gun.

Providentially the cat's-paws have now merged into a freshening breeze.

Sailing on the starboard tack, a thick cluster of craft moves in swift unison toward the invisible line that lies betwixt a red buoy and the Committee Boat. The badinage ceases, and the once-lolling figures now stand by sheet and halyard — keen, alert, and poised for instant action. To leeward a big sloop tries to jockey her way ahead — to windward a yawl bears down. As they sail on and on, our three courses converge, closer and closer, until one could leap to the deck of either. It looks like the big squeeze.

Then as stays and spreaders are just about to entangle, sharp orders ring out; sheets are hauled; the tiller swings; and the yawl to starboard bears up, losing headway slightly. In that instant the line is crossed, and from away down wind there comes the faint report of the starting gun. For close-hauled tension and an unparalleled mounting of excitement, give me the closely contested start of a yacht race — such is the reflection of the amateur standing there in the waist.

Now each course begins to diverge, and soon the field is spread wide with white sails aslant over blue water on different tacks. Here enters the ineluctable human element — judgment as to wind and tide based upon an expert knowledge of the capabilities of one's craft. This evokes in the amateur a recollection of the highest encomium one true-born Downeaster can pay to

another. In a clipped and close-reefed statement, he'll be heard to mutter, as if it hurt: "Henry's an able man, by God — got judgment in a fog."

With the rounding of the first mark, an unforgettable sight comes into focus. On this leg the wind will be astern, a mite on the starboard quarter. As sloop follows sloop and ketch follows yawl in a swift succession of coming about, there blossoms from the masthead of each a burst of billowing white canvas. Then the wind fills it, puffing it far out beyond the bow in a vast ballooning. This, in the parlance of the sport, is the setting of the spinnaker. On this enormous bellying sail, the sun casts the reflection of the mainsail, and then the eye delights in a superb procession of heavily canvassed yachts down wind.

In the setting of the soft haze of an Indian Summer afternoon, scene after scene of white sail upon blue water is etched upon the plates of the memory. There is that lazying along, after the race is over, three yachts abreast and all hands in easy converse. Then occurs an easing alongside, that a plate of lobster salad may be passed on board for sampling. And good it was, first class.

Comes the bitter cold of winter, the routine of to work and to home, the grind of the subway, the pitiless barrenness of city streets — then all this and more is at the command of the mind of the amateur yachtsman.

Rid Us of REDS!

*A Former Union Member's Experience Sheds
Light Upon Un-American Trends Today*

By CHET SCHWARZKOPF

I FIRST joined a union back in 1919, after serving in the Navy in World War I, and a proud youngster I was. Organization, as an academic theory, should apply equally to labor, capital, the professions, and business — or so I saw it then. What I did not understand was its application to human capacity.

In 1939, I turned back my last union card, vowing never to carry another . . . but with regret, since good organization belongs with good government. We need it. Today, many national affiliates have come to evaluate what America really means, and are ridding their unions of pro-Communist liabilities. The road to disaster is all too plainly marked, now.

During that first-time union experience in 1919-21, I was told by older members always to "do what the union says, kid." The I.W.W. (remember that?) was lighting the way. Some day, the One Big Union would take over the government, and everything would be different. The I.W.W. lies mouldering in its grave, but its thesis goes marching

on. They call it Communism now.

I voted for Socialist Gene Debs for President in 1920, and all but joined the I.W.W. I had just turned twenty-one then, and liked neither Republicans nor Democrats. By 1924, my circumstances had improved to such an extent that I voted for Coolidge, feeling quite substantial and grown-up.

Came the 1930's, and I had to start all over again — broke and in a strange town.

Again I applied to join a union, and as gladly as the first time, since its card would mean a well-paid job in a closed-shop plant. True, there was some bit of connivance, and the foreman — himself a union member — had an itching palm which he felt needed surcease. I was given a bad time for refusing to pay off, but brushed that aside as irrelevant. Organization was the basic motif and, through that, a living wage.

One of the first things I learned, upon being allowed to join that union after a year's anxious hanging on at permit work, was that it was at war with another union. This

rival union, although an AFL affiliate the same as ourselves, had broken into our lines of work in some parts of the nation by the simple expedient of offering to do the same job for a shade less money. Naturally, the lower bidder was hired. And the AFL did nothing about it.

We felt bitter. The members of the opposing union were scabs. Now I knew something about ordinary scabs, but "union scabs" were a new species. Here were two unions, belonging to the same national affiliate, at each other's throats and quarreling over jobs like jackals about a kill.

Where then was national labor unity? Where was the free-masonry of labor, controlled by democratic process of its membership that is the basic fundamental of organization? Was leadership at fault? It must have been, because we members had nothing to say. We were told how to think, whom to hate.

MY FIRST difference with the union occurred not long after joining. Several of us employees were deputized by the sheriff. His motive was legitimate. The product manufactured by our plant was vulnerable to robbery. It was felt that deputized personnel would afford additional protection. I agreed. The union did not.

The union's stand was that deputization of any member aligned him against the cause of organized labor; that he would be called out against

his union brothers in the event of a strike. The sheriff — a man whom I always shall like and respect — assured me emphatically that such was not intended, that my deputyship was for plant protection only, and revocable whenever I chose; nevertheless, I decided to resign.

Had that union been led by outlaws, it could not have opposed the police with more fervor. Every new member was exhorted to hate policemen as a religious zealot abhors the devil, and was taught that "all cops are rats."

Soon after going to work, I enrolled in a local college for part-time courses. It did not take long to learn that this was "out of line."

"Colleges are scab nests!" it was shouted in lunchroom meets. "No good union man goes to college an' he don't send his kids there, either. Colleges ain't for the workin' class."

Very soon I was warned not to associate with people "outside the workin' class." That was scabby, and scabby-minded people got their cards taken away, and lost their jobs. A good union man stayed with his own class. An alien creed, fomented by Russian-minded leaders, was digging in right at home, amid our little jobs and lives.

About that time, I began writing miscellaneous articles for a local newspaper, and brought the wrath of the union upon my head again. No good union man — I was becoming allergic to that term — wrote for the capitalist press. If you

wanted to write, there was the *Moscow News* that told the brothers the real truth. What was the *Moscow News*? It was a *bona fide* paper, free to all "good" union members. It reached us weekly from "informed" sources.

There were also several "good" union papers. I was invited to contribute to one, and was at first interested because they seemed to want outdoor items. I investigated and refused. Trout-fishing lore did not belong in a sheet that sneered at our American way of life. I stayed with the capitalist press. The breach widened.

I belonged to the American Legion and, through it and newspaper connections, became more or less acquainted with the town's various leaders. In time, I was elected secretary of a local service club to which any sportsman, regardless of affiliation, was welcome. And when the town staged a Pioneer Days' celebration I pitched in with the rest to put it over. Everybody had fun — except the union.

"We ain't no businessmen," they chanted in faithful adherence to the *Moscow News*' creed. "No good union man has nothin' to do with that pioneer scabbereee, the American Legion, or any scaly fish an' game clubs."

Our dues gradually had crept up from \$2.50 to \$7.50 per month — and this back in the 1930's, when a dollar was *money*. Then one fine day an assessment of \$18 was levied upon

every member, on the premise of "strike dues, to be refunded if not used for that purpose." I paid the \$18 and then stirred up a demand for an accounting.

Up from city headquarters came the big wheel. He was displeased. "Any man," he said, "who won't pay — jerk his card out from under him an' give his job to a man that will!" And that was our accounting. Of course, there was no strike. Times were low, and our wages were high. Nor was any refund made for ten years — and then only to such men as the union chose. Naturally, I was not among these. Wasn't this a free country? . . . for the union.

I WAS no longer in accord with the union's trend, and did not try to conceal the fact. I was hauled before a meeting on charges of "working too hard." *That* was a new one.

When I failed to kowtow to them, I was fined six dollars for working too hard, and with that went all my respect for that union — but not for organization.

By the latter 1930's, Harry Bridges had become a power in the west coast union autonomy. Bridges, it seemed, was allergic to the American Legion. Through inside channels, word reached us to "get rid of Legion members — they don't make good union men." The several Legionnaires in our branch were ordered to get out of the Legion, or else. I refused.

About that time, it was empha-

sized that any union member who joined the State Militia or National Guard would be expelled. And expulsion meant he never would be allowed to work again in this union, or in allied closed-shop industries, in most of the United States. When I looked up the anti-military clause in the union's constitution, I found it meant exactly what it said. What price freedom?

ONE DAY I met an especially rabid "brother" on the street. I had been fishing. "Hey!" he bawled, pointing at the fishing license on my hat. "Don't you know a good union man ain't supposed to go trout fishin'? Those licenses are made by scab printers." (State Civil Service.) "Anybody that buys one is a scab-lover. That'll be held against you."

I replied in appropriate, but regrettable language. But I knew the heat was on.

The ultimatum came with approach of Labor Day. "Take that American Legion button off your lapel, or you can't march in the parade. An' if you don't do what you're told you'll get kicked out of the union an' lose your job. What d'ya think of that?"

All right — here was the showdown. I went fishing that Labor Day.

Next morning, at work, a committee wanted to know where I had been, and why. I refused to state until the union met. That week end I

went job hunting . . . a thing I had not done in more than six years. As I started out, the realization of what a hold the wrong organization can get on a person was driven home. Here I was, afraid like the others . . . afraid of what the union might do, afraid I could not get work. My perspective was so negative and restricted that I could not look at myself objectively and feel ashamed. That was a low hour.

Although war preparations had not yet begun, the first plant to which I applied said "yes." Not only that — the job was a better one *and* free of union domination. That meant no more union to appease; no more mistrustful meetings rife with friend-and-brother sham. I, instead of that union, once again was owner of my job — and of any surviving self-respect. Never shall I know a more positive uplift, a more sheer relief. I was free again.

I turned in my card to that union, together with a statement of exactly what I thought — in writing, should they want a keepsake for their records. A few nights later, someone smashed a window of my car, by way of anonymous rebuttal.

Lest anyone misunderstand, let me say that this is not intended as a diatribe against legitimate, self-respecting American labor unions. To the contrary, I feel that the men and women of their membership who read this will judge it by their own background of experience and belief. Organization is a basic neces-

sity, an essential, and, should Communism take it away, it would mean the loss of everyone's liberty, as well as the breakdown and terrorizing of our families. Every one of us knows that, for democratic unionism is integral with our nation.

And now to finish . . . The day Pearl Harbor was hit, I reported to our local naval base, knowing that an era was done. This was *war*.

Because of eyesight difficulties, the Navy would not take me back; so I entered the U. S. Maritime Service, took the officers' course, and put to sea in latter 1942. I did not join the "necessary" maritime union, since a visit to that body had found its officials allergic to uniforms.

Late in 1944, as I was about to sail for the Orient on a ship loaded with munitions, the maritime union caught up. I was called up — but quickly — for the union would have stopped that ship from sailing, war or no war. And this, despite the fact that I was a senior officer, commissioned and sworn in by the United States Maritime Service, as well as licensed under U. S. Coast Guard jurisdiction.

My mind was made up. I told those union officials that the Navy had turned me down and therefore the Maritime Service was the nearest thing to fighting I could do; that I had a son who was co-pilot on a B-29, and supplies to him and the military outranked all else — even unions.

I shall never forget those union-

eers' profanity-laden reply. I left, after a few heated remarks.

Of course, I had to resign from that ship. Never have I felt more angry and nonplussed. But what could one individual do? Even my superiors were afraid of what the union might do. And, because it was war and ships were precious, that union got away with it.

Soon afterward, I sailed for another line without benefit of union. Had it not been for their cooperation, I would have had to join the union — and pay a stiff fine to be "permitted" to go back to sea.

THE EVENTS in this narrative are not hearsay. They happened to me, an American-born citizen. Nor is this an isolated case. Rather, let it be a warning as Russia's war potential builds up behind a time factor as yet unknown. For it is apparent that considerable of America's labor trouble is due to Communist incitation. Not all, mind you; human nature contributes its share as always.

Recent disclosures have awakened our people as never before to the foe that is determined to undermine our freedom. From atomic betrayals to brainstorm strikes, Communism is the nation's never-sleeping menace — its deadliest antagonist. Communism's criminals would hamstring America's effort by walkouts and sabotage as soon as a Russian war came — and they are working at it and planning it now.

PANMUNJOM



By Oliver Patrick

IT is doubtful that more than a half-dozen living Americans had heard of the obscure North Korean village of Panmunjom three years ago when the Communist hordes smashed across the 38th Parallel to open one of the most fantastic episodes in military annals.

Today Panmunjom is known from coast to coast, to men, women and children of all ages. It is especially well known to a couple of hundred thousand G.I.'s and their wives, sweethearts, parents and children. And hundreds of years from now it will still be known, to those who study their history books, as the site of the longest, most acrimonious, most exasperating truce negotiations in modern times.

It required a total of less than a dozen meetings and, in all, less than two weeks of time to settle the armistice terms that ended World War I plus the three major phases of World War II (the Italian, German, and Japanese surrenders).

Yet an effort to settle what the diplomats still politely term not a war but a police action has taken more than two full years of the most intense negotiations at Panmunjom (plus more than a month of talks at Kaesong, which suddenly collapsed under a torrent of Communist abuse; also plus interminable months of haggling in the United Nations and among the diplomatic representa-

tives of the allied belligerents — and, of course, India). And, although the shooting has stopped, at least for the moment, the talk, talk, talk at Panmunjom is still going on.

The site of this negotiating marathon consisted of only four mud huts with fewer than two dozen inhabitants when the truce talks opened on October 25, 1951.

With typical dispatch and ruthlessness, the Communists tossed the few inhabitants out of their huts and left them to shift for themselves in nearby villages. They threw up a huge circus tent to serve as the arena for the long months of verbal battles. The Americans arrived and threw up more tents, tents for the officials, their advisers, the M.P.'s, for communications. The Commies quickly followed suit, and soon Panmunjom had become a tent city, with a few temporary buildings.

As the talks lengthened out, the population grew and more tents were thrown up, tents for the press, radio, the diplomats, the representatives of the neutral commission.

Just what will happen to Panmunjom when the talks are finally concluded, if they ever are, is a matter of conjecture.

But the one thing certain is that for generations to come the word "Panmunjom" will mean to Americans only bitterness, frustration and disillusionment.

Who Brought

• • • • •

BY

JO HINDMAN

SUGAR

for the

Gas Tanks?

SPRING SUNSHINE washed the campus of Los Angeles City College as the open air speaker, sponsored by the Socialist Student League, wound to a feverish climax. Members of the League (listed as subversive by the Attorney-General), spaced throughout the crowd, began passing out the organization's tracts and pamphlets, unaware that tall collegians stalked at their heels, hopefully bearing ash cans lettered: *Put Unwanted Trash Here*. Amusement in the audience broke into outright laughs and a lot of paper was dumped. Simultaneously, scores of lawn sprinklers came to life, erupting a damping shower upon listeners and sponsors of the rally as well. A handsome, curly-headed six-footer was seen ducking a sailing tomato.

Next day, an editorial in the college paper bleated: "Who ordered the sprinkling system turned on? Who painted the ash cans? Who brought sugar for the gas tanks?"

Answering its own rhetoric, the student sheet damned one Bob Mun-

ger, LACC frosh prexy, for interfering with freedom of speech, and labeled him a "speech czar" and "campus politician."

"They had no permission to be on the lawns anyway," said Bob later. "And I got hit by that tomato, the only one thrown. About sugar to gum up the carburetors, I know nothing. We didn't plan to break up their rally; we just held ours inside theirs!"

Prankish though it appears, this skirmish on an American college campus rumbles with serious undertones. That was not Bob Munger's, nor the other young Americans' first conflict with subversive students. Fresh from Indiana, where, according to twenty-year-old Bob, ideas are less *avant garde* than in the Golden State, he detected and immediately put up a fight against ideas inimical to the security of the United States.

Munger readily lists a sober collection of facts alarming to adults but docilely accepted by ninety per

cent of young college folk because they have been indoctrinated while growing up. Far too often, Munger maintains, student newspapers contain editorials of left wing apologists and even unadulterated Communist propaganda, but rarely is a decent conservative view presented.

OFFICIAL government sources have listed over fifty-two subversive organizations specifically created for students and the education field. There are also numerous socialist student groups and, at the time Munger was charged with bringing sugar for the gas tanks, *not one* nation-wide organization of, for, and by students to present the other side of the story. Now there is just one — Students for America — and Munger is its founder and present national director.

Following the activities of Munger and his friends within the junior college, a student-body election ousted subversive office-seekers and reinstalled positive Americanism on the campus. This planted an idea in Munger's head. If one year's work, he reasoned, can make such a change on LACC's campus, just think what can be done across the whole United States!

Correspondence followed between Munger and acquaintances on other college and high school campuses. Today, Students for America, still expanding, has members in 160 high schools and colleges in thirty-five states and the District of Columbia.

Its monthly publication, *American Student*, reaching into all the forty-eight states, is addressed, stamped, and mailed out of an orange-crate-furnished, donated office in Hollywood, California, where SFA kids, whenever they can, drop in to do a stint.

Munger subsequently went from LACC to Pepperdine College in Los Angeles, and from there to pre-legal training at the University of Southern California. An authority on the political thinking of college youth, he observes that the majority of students are not interested in politics and that is why the busy minority of Communists and socialists within colleges work almost unchecked.

Waving several expensively printed leftist student magazines, Munger laid them down with a slap. "They seem to have unlimited funds — look at these! Right now, we have a batch of stuff down at the printer's waiting for money to bail it out. And we will," he added, with the unwavering faith that characterizes him. "We always do."

Bob Munger deplores the chant of certain professors and their followers who claim that academic freedom has been stifled. "I'd be glad," said Munger, "if both sides — theirs and ours — would get an even break. But that isn't the case; the cards are stacked in their favor. Some profs go completely off the course they should be teaching to feed out propaganda and their per-

sonal ideologies. If a student challenges the prof in such irrelevant discussion *off the course*, the prof can flunk the student *in* the course. Students have rights, too. True academic freedom means both sides — not one.”

BUT the big problem isn't professors; it's the students. Rallies aren't always as funny as the LACC example; more dangerous things go on at quieter meetings.

UCLA banned a secretly planned "Save the Atom Bomb Spies" rally, but a University of Michigan student paper upheld the Rosenbergs. Twenty years ago, a student organizing a Communist cell within the University of Southern California was ejected from that institution and promptly set up shop at a neighboring temple of learning. Today, her name figures prominently as a subversive in the reports of California's Senate Investigating Committee on Education.

Some educational institutions are taking the less spectacular problem of student indoctrination too lightly. Munger says that adults are allowing communists and socialists to gain control of youthful American minds *by default*. "Nobody becomes a communist or a socialist after twenty-five or thirty," is Munger's aim. "That's why the problem of indoctrination needs nipping in the bud, *now*. Sure, some students may grow out of their warped viewpoint later in life, but look at the damage

that's been done. Also, look at the ones who didn't grow out of it — Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs. . . ."

Munger feels there is an invisible wall between students and older people. A young person, no matter how fundamentally raised at home, usually lends a receptive ear to another student. The true American viewpoint must be presented by young people to other young people. This is the crusading belief that has driven Munger across the United States in 22,000 barnstorming miles since January 1953, telling his story to students, educators, and parents who desire to have a part in ridding American education from subversive and collectivistic influences.

This lone, nation-wide anti-Communist and anti-socialistic student movement has won the praise and support of such great Americans as General Douglas MacArthur, honorary president of Students for America; General Al Wedemeyer; Corinne Griffith; Robert E. Wood; Paul J. Harvey; Martha Rountree; Walter Winchell; Rupert Hughes; Fulton Lewis, Jr.; John T. Flynn; and is endorsed by the American Legion.

Bob Munger wound up his affairs in Students for America to enter his country's armed services last October but he left optimistically. "Even in the high schools," he said, speaking of lagging nationalism there, "you'd be amazed to see how those fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds have recognized the danger and are grappling with the problem."



By Jane Carroll

ONCE I WAS A LADY

I TRY not to think of it too often, now that I am back in the housework and chauffeuring routine that is normal life for most American wives and mothers. But sometimes, when the pressure cooker blows up, or the children turn the hose into a window, or my husband unexpectedly brings in five old cronies for dinner, I catch myself dreaming of those days of drifting leisure in Egypt, when I was addressed as "lady" by five servants.

Admittedly, the "lady" attitude came a bit hard at first, and it was six months before I could bring myself to say to the cook, "Master will not be home for dinner tonight," although all men are addressed as "Master" by their house servants.

Achmud, the cook, was the first servant we acquired via the kitchen door grapevine, an employment service second to none. Achmud, (pronounced as if you were clearing your throat) was Sudanese, and very proud of it. Sudanese men all bear three tribal scars on each cheek, gashed there at birth and sometimes packed with mud to insure a good wide mark. I decided that anyone who survives this is a specimen

worthy of his race, or any race, and has every right to be proud.

On our first day in our home in Cairo, I was busy getting settled and before I realized it, it was long past noon, and my family was hungry. "Well, we'll have to go out for a sandwich now, and tonight I'll try to have dinner here at home," I said. "We've got a cook now, so we'll use him."

But Achmud was way ahead of me. Lunch was on the table.

I thought for a minute I must have died and gone to heaven. We sat down to a fluffy cheese omelet, crisp salad, and a fruit cup. And thus began my undying love affair with the Middle East.

That afternoon I found the kitchen, and this isn't as easy as it sounds, for the Egyptian kitchen is not situated for the convenience of those who work in it, being usually allotted some small, dark space deemed otherwise unusable.

Achmud jumped to his feet as I entered, bowed, and said "Good afternoon, lady."

My cup overflowed. I wanted to wring his hand and thank him for producing such a wonderful lun-

on moving day, and ask how in the world he did an omelet like that, but I realized this was probably not the established relationship between lady and cook, so I said, with admirable restraint, "A very nice lunch, Achmud. We'll have dinner at seven. You can get a chicken."

"Two chicken comin' better, lady. Chicken comin' very small; one too big not make good eat."

I finally grasped this idea, nodded, and continued, "Potatoes —"

"You like 'em comin' squashed?"

"Well," I temporized. He rummaged about and produced a pestle. Ah, yes! Un-squashed. Peas," I went on, indicating with my thumb and forefinger the approximate size of a pea.

"Ah, sorry, lady, beans now comin' along." He sighted the length of his refinger.

I conceded to his knowledge of the market, but often later, I wondered if the green bean seller wasn't a cousin, or at least someone who gave Achmud a good percentage, for if left to his own devices, the vegetable was always green beans.

"Surprise sweet, lady?" he asked, smiling widely.

"Fine," I said, more than willing to be surprised. Achmud was often surprising, but never disappointing.

He decided that the meat I had ordered wasn't of a good quality, so substituted such "surprises" as duck stuffed with oranges, pigeon stuffed with chestnuts, rice and lamb baked in grape leaves.

MY HUSBAND loves soup as a first course. When I was the cook, however, I rarely remembered it in the evening rush. But Achmud — bless his long, flowing galibeah (night-gown sort of outfit which is standard men's wear in Egypt) — never forgot. We had duck soup and lentil soup; we had artichoke soup and peanut soup. His best effort was "clear soup." This he made from an assortment of heads and feet of animals, fowl, fish, and other things, the identification of which I tried to avoid, preferring to view only the final, strained product.

His main utensil was the primus stove, a kerosene bunsen burner affair which burned high and furiously or not at all, but over which Achmud seemed to have complete control.

I was quite worried about the kitchen facilities when I decided to give a party, but Achmud seemed unperturbed by my guest list of thirty and assured me all would be "quiess" (OK). It was.

The primus burned fiercely all day, and over it, supported by jerry cans, of which the desert armies of the last war left such a large supply, was one of the biggest pans I have ever seen, borrowed by Achmud from a cousin cook.

The pan was five feet in diameter, but only a few inches deep, and water in it was kept at a boiling point by the primus underneath. In this small lake of boiling water sat the pans of cooking food.

Our dinner party was a huge success and while it was in progress, another was going on in the kitchen, for Achmud had called in several cousins and all day the kitchen had buzzed with activity, most of which would have been appalling to a time-and-motion engineer.

All Sudanese in Cairo seemed to be related. From time to time, one of the "cousins" came north to the big city to get a job, and he always seemed to wind up in my kitchen, from which I believe Achmud ran a sort of employment agency. Many a day I found there "one good man from the Sudan" having a cup of tea.

"Good morning, lady," Achmud would greet me with an even more profound bow than usual. "This is my cousin, one good man from the Sudan, comin' work here. You know any ladies want good cook, lady?" I would inquire among my friends, the word was passed around, and thus another "good man" found employment.

ACHMUD's executive inclinations got out of hand only once, when we were expecting a house guest. He had been hinting for extra kitchen help for the occasion, but I told him we would see about it when the guest arrived. One morning, however, three days before the impending arrival, I found in the kitchen one very large, very black man from the Sudan, who was willing, according to Achmud, to help in our kitchen.

* Perhaps to an Egyptian lady, one servant more or less running around the kitchen doesn't mean much, but I remembered the many dinner parties and the week-end entertaining I had engineered all alone.

"Achmud," I began gently, "I am not an Egyptian lady. I am an American lady. In America, I did your job. Not only your job, Achmud but also Abdul's job. (Abdul was the houseboy.) And Nanny's job. And the moquaghi's job. (He is the ironing man.) And the garcella's job. (She being the washwoman.) Therefore I know, Achmud, that we don't need six people to do my work. Tell your cousin that if I need him, I let him know!"

We got through the week end with our skeleton staff.

Sudanese "cousins" bring each other news from down on the far bank where their families usually remain. Achmud had a wife and six children in his home village in the Sudan whom he saw during his vacations when the Nile was high enough to float a flat-bottomed felucca on the five-day journey upstream. Upon my inquiry about his family at that time, he proudly said:

"Big boy twelve, comin' school lady!"

"Fine," I exclaimed, for by means are all boys of twelve in Egypt in school. "How old are the others?"

The enumeration seemed to load too much for him, so he lowered his hand in a stair-step motion. "Come in every year, lady."

TIME is indeed quite relative in Egypt, and there seems to be a lot more of it than elsewhere, for it is treated very casually. Take the matter of the dinner hour. Inevitably, when our seven o'clock dinner was ready, someone would drop in, in the leisurely manner of all equator countries. Abdul, the house-boy, would produce some hors d'oeuvres for the guests. Then when they finally drifted off, if my husband had not invited several to stay for dinner, I would find that the children had been fed, bathed and put to bed by Nanny, and our dinner was as hot and delicious as it would have been at seven. I still don't understand this — dinners similarly tended by me invariably end up shriveled and dry, or limp and soggy, and I am ready for a straight-jacket.

Gradually, however, we came to accept the Egyptian custom of hors d'oeuvres or tea in the late afternoon, and dinner after ten, although we cut down on the varieties of bean and rice "snacks" which have a tendency to make most Egyptian ladies "come very fat."

Given modern gadgets, one would think the Egyptian would be a positive genius, but this reasoning is not valid. If a mechanism has a bug in it, the Egyptian user soon brings it to light, and the machine is "mafish" (out of order) until someone is found who can fix it, and/or a new part arrives. This may range from "bokhara" (tomorrow) to "bokhara mish-

mish" (freely translated, "when the apricots bloom").

Agitated inquiries into these matters bring only a courteous smile and a vague "malish" (no matter).

One soon loses that feverish do-it-now-ness that is the earmark of the American. That is, one either gives that up, or gives up Egypt. For that eternal sunshine and five servants, I was willing to *malish* quite a few things I used to think were important; but my husband, who has a distinctly machine-age mentality, still thought they were important; so we gave up Egypt.

Now, although I am back again — doing the work of five people, I keep telling my husband — I cannot forget the things I learned, watching the sunlight and moonlight on the Nile, the sound of some haunting, ceaseless Arab song in my ears.

I learned the wisdom of the Egyptian conception of time, the enjoyment of the moment that is now, that will never come again. I am no longer a slave to the imperious jangle of the telephone. Sometimes if I am resting in the afternoon (a delightful Egyptian custom), I shrug and let it ring. *Malish*. No matter.

I miss a bus? I am kept waiting for an appointment? *Malish*. It probably won't matter much in the long run.

Once I was a "lady," and I liked it so well I don't ever want to forget how I did it.

CAN WE ARREST A PRESIDENT?

BY BLANCHE MCKEOWN

SUPPOSE Mr. Eisenhower just couldn't resist the impulse and went fishing in a posted area — and just suppose a game warden came along and said, in effect, "You are under arrest." Would the President of the United States have to submit to arrest?

A few years ago when a Justice of the Supreme Court was stopped by a Washington policeman for jaywalking, he remarked that he could not be arrested, for as a member of the highest body in law, if the case should come that high he would have to pass judgment on himself.

The newspapers took the question to themselves and there was a good bit of discussion pro and con as to what would be the position of the President in a similar situation. They researched the fact that in 1807, when Thomas Jefferson was summoned to appear in the trial of Aaron Burr, he refused, stating that since the three branches of the Federal Government are co-equal, the President is immune from ordinary judicial processes. This has been taken as precedent and has been summed up this way: "No court in the land has jurisdiction over him while he serves as President; and, regardless of the gravity of the offense, no officer may place him under arrest. Should he be impeached and convicted, however, he there-

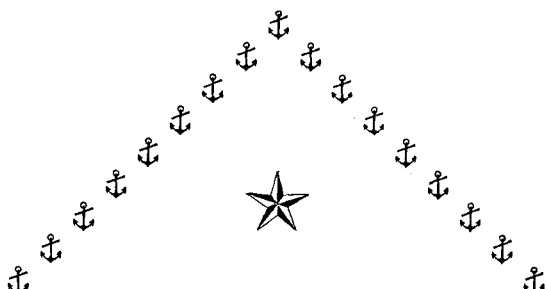
upon becomes a private citizen and as such is subject to ordinary judicial procedure . . ."

In spite of the precedent, two Presidents have been arrested while in office. Here are the stories.

William West was a policeman who believed in doing his duty as he saw it, and he saw it as protecting pedestrians on his Washington beat. One day in 1870 he looked up and saw a team of bays coming at a rousing clip driven by a short man smoking a big black cigar. West stepped into the street and ordered the driver to stop.

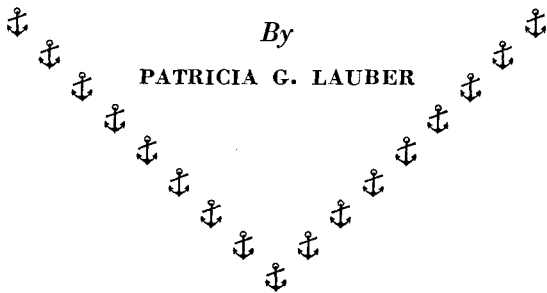
The carriage stopped immediately and the officer declared the man under arrest for speeding. President Grant offered no objection, only posted his \$20 forfeit and went his way — more slowly. Soon after, he commended West for his devotion to duty and recommended a raise in pay, which went into effect immediately.

As President Franklin Pierce was returning to the White House on horseback one evening, he ran down a woman pedestrian and was arrested. He was very much upset, pointed out to the officer who had made the arrest that he was living under official immunity, and went his way. The officer, Edelian Stanley, was neither commended nor recommended for anything.



Souvenir of the *St. Laurent*

By
PATRICIA G. LAUBER



THE whole thing was my own fault, in a way, but I was younger then and less aware of the ambiguities of the written word. I was on the verge of leaving for a trip through the Caribbean when an article in the Sunday paper caught my eye. "Caribbean Trip on \$10 a Day" was the headline. This sounded promising. I read on. The gist of the article was the delights of leisurely traveling from island to island by boat. "For the seasoned traveler, not *too* insistent on first-class accommodations," said the author, "it is possible to travel through the West

Indies by small boats, such as inter-island steamers, schooners, or even cattle-boats . . . these excursions provide the traveler with an unforgettable souvenir of places and things definitely off the beaten path."

It sounded like fun. I browsed on through some of the islands she recommended, which lay off the beaten path and could be reached by small boat. I noted in particular Guadeloupe, which was not on my itinerary but lay close to Martinique, which was. My own trip was to be by plane, but I tore out this article

and took it along, for one never knows when opportunity will present itself.

As bad chance would have it, opportunity presented itself while I was in Antigua. My next stop was Martinique, but it was impossible to get there by plane without flying farther south and then looping back. This, I thought, was the time to hop onto the nearest inter-island steamer.

I went down to see the local booking agent, whose office lay in a small, wooden shack. "I'd like to book passage on the steamer that leaves Wednesday for Guadeloupe and Martinique," I said.

"I beg your pardon, Miss?"

"I said I'd like to book passage on the ship that leaves Wednesday for Guadeloupe and Martinique," I repeated more loudly.

He took off his spectacles and stared at me. "On the *St. Laurent*?"

"Yes, of course," I said.

"Why don't you fly? It's quicker."

It was a hot day and I was becoming impatient. "You *are* the booking agent for this ship, aren't you?" I said coldly.

"Oh, yes," he sighed, putting his spectacles back on and pulling out a grimy sheet of paper. "Let's see; you want a cabin?"

It was an overnight trip; so I said that would be nice.

ON WEDNESDAY we embarked. From the outside, the *St. Laurent* was not exactly imposing, but in naïve anticipation I found her be-

dragglement romantic. The little ship was rusty; several of her plates were sprung; tropical plants clung to her waterline; and a tattered French flag fluttered in the trade wind. The handful of us who were setting sail climbed up the gangplank from the tender, hurried along a narrow deck, and down a steep companionway.

We arrived with our luggage in the dining salon, a space approximately four by eight feet in size. Opening off it were four cabins. In company with the only other woman present, I crowded into one. It held two bunks and a rust-hued basin which could be conveniently reached from any part of the cabin. On the other side of a thin partition the engines groaned and strained. A blast of heat wafted down my neck.

"I think I'll go on deck," I said, wiping the perspiration out of my eyes.

"So will I," said my companion, nervously brushing at a cockroach.

We rented two wooden deck chairs and settled down to watch the wake of our ship as she pulled out of the calm harbor. I introduced myself. My cabinmate's name was Rose.

My badly shaken faith in the author of the Caribbean travel article began to be restored as a cool breeze ruffled my hair and a tall, lean gentleman from Guadeloupe approached us, bowed, and introduced himself as M. Turgeon.

"It would give me great pleasure," he said in French, "if mademoiselle:

would accept as refreshment a bottle of Coca-Cola."

"I think I'll stay here," Rose said. "I'm not a very good sailor."

"That's too bad," I said as we descended the companionway. "If she's a poor sailor, she'll miss all the fun of the trip." I was taking the roll of the ship like a seasoned veteran.

I followed him into the bar, which can only be described as intimate. A group of natives from Guadeloupe were boiling up a snack of fish heads and rice. The first doubt of my invulnerability crossed my stomach.

BY THIS TIME we had left behind us the calm harbor waters. Churning along at five knots, our sturdy ship was bouncing to the top of one mountainous wave, dropping with a shudder to the trough, and then bouncing up the next wave.

Back on deck, I found Rose, who turned on me the look of a stricken doe, and vanished down the companionway. I turned to speak to M. Turgeon, but was just in time to see the flap of his coattails as he, too, vanished.

Left alone, I pensively finished my drink and then, in a spirit of bravado, tossed off the remainder of Rose's. Shortly, she returned.

"I think I'm dying," Rose whispered. I was inclined to believe her. Up to this point I had always taken "turning green" as a figure of speech.

"It was awful," she went on faintly. "The ladies' room seems to be part of the boiler room. The

plumbing doesn't work. And, worst of all. . . . Oh, I can't tell you. It's too dreadful!"

"What is?" I cried.

"They're . . . they're preparing dinner." Rose burst into tears.

"But my dear Rose," I said soothingly, "there's nothing terrible about that. It's completely normal to be preparing dinner at six o'clock."

"It's not either normal," she wailed. "You haven't *smelled* it." She closed her eyes, turned her head, and began breathing deeply.

I settled Rose in for the night and took a look at our green-faced friend from Guadeloupe. He was still lying rigid in the box of life preservers, his lips compressed. Looking at him didn't make me feel any better. I turned away.

The ship's lights were being turned out, one by one, and I settled down in my deck chair.

A short time later, a reassuring snore began to rumble beside me. I closed my eyes and dozed.

I WAS startled awake by a blast on the ship's whistle. Bells rang. The deck lights went on with dazzling brilliance. I leapt to my feet. No one else was stirring. At the rail I could make out land in the gloom. The horizon was tinged with light. Where were we?

I groped through my purse and found the travel article. "Toward sunrise," it said, "your little ship will drop anchor in the lovely harbor of Basse-Terre, capital of Guadeloupe.

Back of this charming and romantic town lie hills and mountains covered in voluptuous greenery. One may even climb to the crater of the Soufriere volcano. Passengers are not allowed to debark here." A few minutes later we pulled away.

At six we arrived in another harbor. Referring again to my article, I discovered that this was Pointe-a-Pitre, a commercial capital.

By now my friend was awake, too.

"Could we stay together for the two days we're here?" Rose suggested.

"That would be fine," I said, as a porter piled our luggage in a wooden cart and we staggered out into Pointe-a-Pitre, which my article singled out as "picturesque."

IT WAS picturesque, all right, but not quite in the way I had been led to believe. Even at seven in the morning, heat radiated from the streets. A noticeable characteristic of the town was that no one lived at street level. The reason was immediately apparent. The picturesque sewage system consisted of the street gutters, and the monotony of the cobblestones was frequently broken by the carcass of a dead hen.

Our porter had been joined by several of his friends and their dogs. We brought up the rear of the procession with high, mincing steps. The Hotel des Antilles was full. Our entourage moved on from hotel to hotel, knocking on doors to see if anyone could take us in. Ultimately,

the Hotel Astoria agreed to give us a room.

The wallpaper hung like tapestry in our room. There were no windows, only a delicately wrought French door opening onto an iron lacework balcony over which the employees poured the hotel slops.

Rose lay down gingerly on a bed. "Do you think," she said, "that we could pay that little boy to stop practicing his violin across the yard?"

"A much better idea," I said, "would be to see if there's a plane out of here today."

There were seats available on an early afternoon plane. The clerk in the office made out the tickets and asked for our names. "And where are you staying here?" he queried, pencil poised.

"The Hotel Astoria."

The point on his pencil snapped. Then he said, "You must be careful there. If you leave your room for an hour or so, they rent it out to someone else during your absence." Seeing puzzlement on my face, he went on hesitatingly, "It, uh, is not a place which is patronized by our, uh, respectable ladies."

Behind me, at the Hotel Astoria, I left in a small ball a crumpled newspaper clipping. It was not until our plane rose above Gaudeloupe that I began to achieve the perspective, which comes with remoteness, to see the island as "picturesque." Then I realized that as the travel article had promised me—I had acquired a souvenir.



Christmas Eve In Ireland

BY J. M. COLLINS

YOU were young, but not so young that they did not allow you to help in the kitchen. On this day it was a world where color vied with the aromatic spices of the East to thrill your senses. It was warm there, and winter days being short you will always remember that curtains were early drawn and light made currants and raisins glisten blackly and that Midas might have touched the gleaming heap of sultanias on the table. You will remember swift white arms wearing gauntlets of flour and the warm brown gold of pastries newly taken from the oven. You will recall the sounds of whisking and beating, of chopping and rolling, and the laughter in your voices as you worked.

When you had had your evening meal, you put on your coat and hat and went with two of them. Out of doors it was cold, but in the church the golden glow of candles created an illusion of warmth. Those who came and went walked softly lest they disturb those who knelt in prayer. You knelt, but you did not pray. You watched the burning candles, some flaming steadily, some

flickering at the touch of an unseen draught, some guttering slowly into oblivion. There was a deep alcove not far from where you knelt, and from behind a temporary curtain drawn before it you heard the subdued tapping of a hammer and the occasional murmur of voices. You tried not to remember the crib of a year ago. You wanted to see it afresh tomorrow.

Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Excitement rose in you. You pressed your cheek hard against the back of the pew before you. When it hurt you knew that you would not suddenly shout with gladness, or laugh aloud because you knew that tomorrow was indeed Christmas Day.

GOING home you walked quietly beside them. You looked back once. The long windows of the church were yellow with light and the shadow of the crucifix upon its spire lay slanted on the frosted roof.

Long before you reached the clustering houses you saw the Christmas candle in each window, shining a welcome for the two who once sought shelter in Bethlehem town.

Later, when you were alone in bed you moved your head so that it lay in a patch of silver moonlight. You thought of other Christmas Eves when you had gone quickly to sleep, fearing the arrival of Santa Claus would find you awake and so, undeserving of his gifts. You knew you would never again expect him. You heard footsteps in the hall, the sound of a door opening and closing. Some of them had set out for midnight Mass. You thought of them walking along the sparkling road, leaving the candlelit windows, passing between the still, bare hedges and looking ahead to where familiar figures converged upon the gate leading to the long yellow windows and the dark shadow of the crucifix upon the silver roof.

Along the bottom of your windowpane you could see the beginnings of the crystal forests of the frost. You slipped out of bed and

gazed beyond these frozen, painted treetops to where real trees stood no less immobile. With a blue pencil the moon had etched their slender arms upon a star-strewn sky. There was no sound from the garden or from the fields beyond. High above the trees the brightness of the brightest star seemed to hold the world in silent awe. You saw the high star, but the curving earth hid the lowly stable.

Downstairs, someone had softly tuned the radio and a choir sang of a silent night, a holy night. Into the still air fell the first sweet peal of a church bell. Again and again repeated it rang between the frost-bound fields and the clear cold sky, filling the world with a glorious exultation of sound. Its reverberation died, but the exultation of its sound was carried on in the loudly sung Gloria of the choir and the secret singing of your heart.

Peace — At Last

»You know now what it means to be at peace with God. You know what it means to be a Christian. You know the price that has to be paid to get this illusive thing called peace and happiness. I know men who would write a check for a million dollars if they could find peace. Millions are searching for it. Every time they get close to finding the peace that you have found in Christ, Satan steers them away. He blinds them. He throws up a smoke screen. He bluffs them. And they miss it! But you have found it! It is yours now forever. You have found the secret of life.

From *Peace With God*, By Billy Graham

Published by Doubleday & Company, Garden City, N. Y.